

Nothing beats a  
**Baby Burco**  
5 Gallon Electric Boiler  
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# CHINA MAIL

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**DAILY SERVICE TO TOKYO**

YAMAMOTO AIR LINE

No. 37382

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1959.

Price 30 Cents

## Comment Of The Day

### FLOODS IN THE SUBWAY

THAT was some lake in the Star Ferry subway yesterday. A little more than two months after its opening it accumulated almost enough water to float a sampan in a two-hour downpour that was remarkable, but not uncommon in Hongkong. We recall that in May two years ago a rainfall of more than 11 inches was recorded in one 24-hour period. And there have been a few occasions when it has exceeded this. According to Government the cause of the flooding which forced the subway to be closed down, was not the rain alone, but choked drains.

Is it reasonable to suppose that this might happen again? The subway has been the subject of criticism ever since it was proposed by Government. Readers warned on a number of occasions that it would become unusable in heavy rain and typhoons. Then there was the problem of draining the site before the ramps could be put down during the building of the subway. This was overcome finally only after much patience and planning.

It is not the time now to ask whether an overhead bridge would have been better than a subway. The original contract for the subway was more than \$2 million, a fairly expensive project when it is remembered that it is just a traffic flow aid. But one assurance that does seem necessary is that the scenes which our photographer witnessed yesterday are not going to be repeated at regular intervals through the summer, that the drainage is capable of ensuring a dry passage in the heaviest of storms, or if not that it can be suitably modified to meet all "normal" emergencies. The experts should also explain how it happened that such a large volume of water "cascaded down the ramp of the subway from the seaward side." Because if this was the result of a downpour yielding only three inches in two hours, how is it going to stand up to the kind of rains that fell two years ago?

## FURTHER OUTLOOK SHOWS NO CHANGE RESERVOIRS HAVE BIG GAIN

### HK Gets Another 4 Inches

Hongkong again got a drenching this morning, when almost four inches of rain fell between 6 a.m. and 10 a.m.

Heavy thunderstorms broke over the Colony just before dawn, a repetition of the Colony's weather pattern in the last 35 hours.

The rain considerably boosted Hongkong's water supply. Yesterday storage was 4,340 million gallons and at 9 a.m. it was about 5,815 million gallons.

Despite the heavy downpour this morning, the Star Ferry subway was dry.

But the Star Ferry concourse near the subway ramp was sandbagged and a deep 10-ft long trench had been chopped through the fancy paving from the junction of the drains to the sea walls.

This followed the choking of the drains and the flooding of the subway yesterday.

It is not known whether the trench foreshadows modifications to the drainage system or is merely a temporary arrangement until the drainage is working normally again.

The lashing rain caused the usual amount of minor traffic hold-ups.

#### Low Pressure

A Royal Observatory spokesman said this morning that, as low pressure trough moved north of the Colony during yesterday evening, but moved south again during the night.

The spokesman said the trough should remain close to Hongkong throughout the day. The rain will cease for some time during the afternoon and evening, but the weather is expected to remain unsettled for at least the next 24 hours.

"There is no sign of an early change to really fine weather," the spokesman added.

The Fire Brigade were called out twice during the morning to extinguish small electrical fires. The first was in Central District and the other at the Upper Aberdeen Reservoir.

Neither was serious. On the mainland, a minor landslide at the 15½ mile stone on the Castle Peak Road caused traffic to be cut down to single-lane.

The bus service to Sai Kung Village in the New Territories has had to be suspended. The Sai Kung Road (Hiram's Highway), is now restricted to light vehicles and private cars.

## Where Is Margaret?



A jostling, shouting mob of photographers and about 200 others who had eluded the police cordon swirled on to the tarmac at Lisbon's Portela Airport for the arrival of Princess Margaret.

About 4,000 Portuguese

cheered from behind the barricades, but the tarmac battle was so bad that when police finally cleared her way to her car, she had to drive straight off—leaving behind the 30-odd V.I.P.s to whom she should have been introduced.

She arrived back in London yesterday after her six-day visit to Portugal. The Princess left Lisbon yesterday morning by air and stopped for lunch at Biarritz, the resort on the southwestern coast of France.

On arrival in London the Princess, who was wearing a white summer coat and a pink and white floral hat, drove away in her car accompanied by a giant bouquet of red roses which had been carried off the plane by a footman.

### BORGINNE'S DIVORCE Changed Dress To Cover Beatings Wife Says

Santa Monica, Calif., June 12.

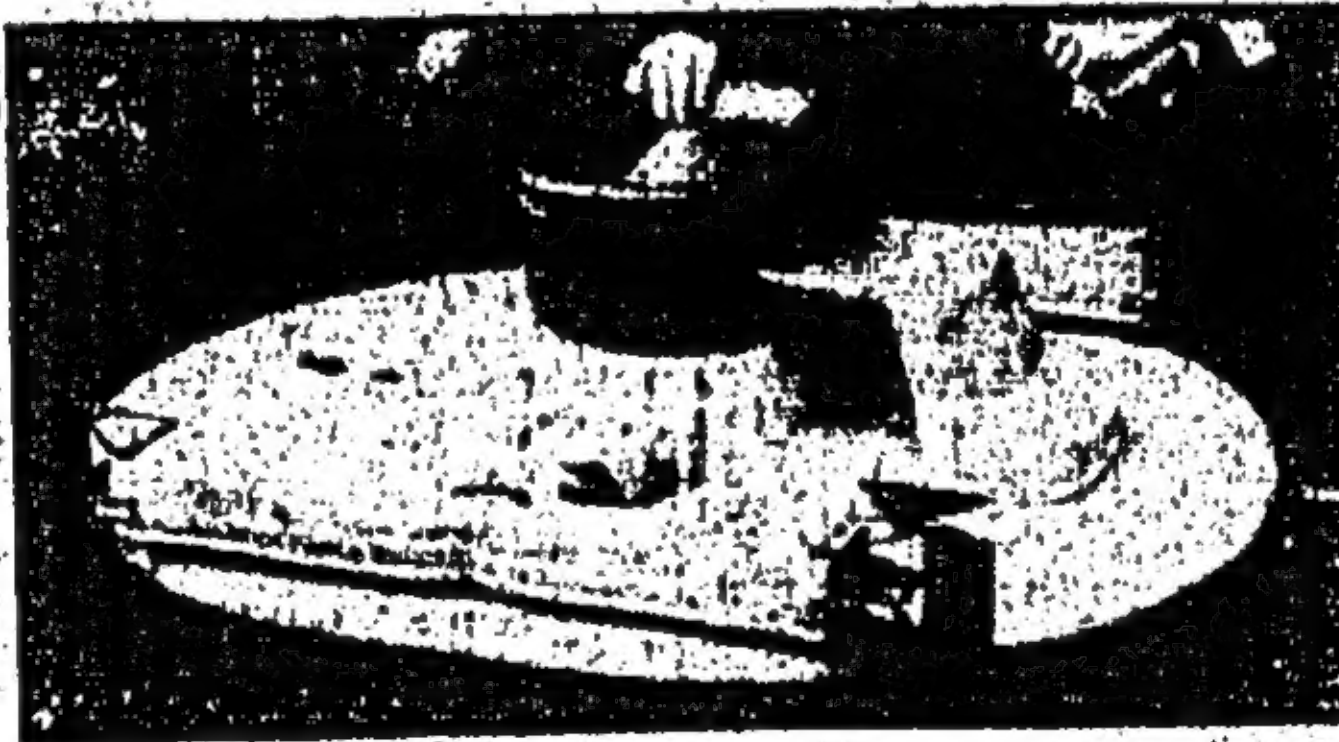
Actor Ernest Borgnine's wife charged today that she had to change the style of the dress she wore at the academy awards presentations at which her husband received an "Oscar," so that marks from his beatings wouldn't show.

Mrs. Rhoda Borgnine made the charge in a petition filed in superior court seeking to get aside an interlocutory divorce decree she received last August 29. She also charged in the petition that actress Katy Jurado was a "home wrecker."

She said Borgnine had a morbid fear of spilling their daughter Nancy, 7, but had threatened never to see Nancy again until she signed the divorce paper.

Judge Edward R. Brand set June 20 for a hearing on the petition. UPI.

## SPEED TESTS FOR 'SAUCER'



A model of the 'saucer'

Cowes, June 12.

Britain's "Flying Saucer" Hovercraft began a serious training programme today following its successful public demonstration yesterday.

Saunders-Roe test pilot Peter Lamb took it out for about 90 minutes and reported performance was even better than expected.

Lieutenant-Commander Lamb cut out the engine to see what would happen, if the engine failed. The four-ton Hovercraft flopped safely on to the surface of the water.

In forward flight, it attained a speed of 25 knots. After exhaustive tests, the next step is likely to be a larger craft of 40 tons.

It was feared here today that the Hovercraft will be put on exhibition at the Farnborough Air Show this summer. It will be dismantled, transported by road, and reassembled at Farnborough. UPI.

## YUGOSLAV MINISTER DETAINED

Paris, June 12.

The Yugoslav Minister for Trade Unions, Mr. Misha Pavlovic, was detained for more than three hours by French police on his arrival at Orly airport here this afternoon from Belgrade, the Yugoslav Embassy reported here today.

Embassy officials said that Mr. Pavlovic, who came to Paris to attend the congress of the Communist-led Confederation of Labour (CGP), was released after the Embassy lodged a "strong protest" against his arbitrary arrest with the French Foreign Ministry.

Foreign Ministry officials were not available for comment this evening. UPI.

### Lloyd Back

London, June 12.

Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd flew into London tonight from Geneva to report to Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and the government on the Foreign Ministers Conference.

He told newsmen at London airport: "I think we have got to be patient. But we have got to be firm about essentials in our negotiations." UPI.

She Supplemented Her National Assistance

## Widowed Mother Of Four Gets One Month

London, June 12.

A widowed mother of four children was ordered to jail for one month today in the climax of one of the most bitterly criticised and tragedy-surrounded British court cases in years.

An appeals court today ordered that Mrs. Effie Christos, a 39-year-old Greek Cypriot, must spend one month in jail for fraudulently obtaining £220 from National Assistance.

The court reduced her original sentence by one month. But it still meant that Mrs. Christos must go to jail.

#### Sewing

Rarely in years has there been such an outburst of indignation over any one criminal case in British courts.

Mrs. Christos' crime was that she took in sewing in her home to supplement the allowance being given her by National Assistance. By law, outside earnings must be reported.

Mrs. Christos did not report them. She has four children. Three of them suffer from tuberculosis. She said that she decided to earn extra money by sewing in order to have more money to spend on her sick children.

When she was caught and sent for trial, she appeared before magistrate Geoffrey Rose, Rose, 66, sentenced her to two months in prison.

#### Stiffness

The stiffness of the sentence produced an unprecedented upsurge. London dock workers held a protest meeting. Other unions and church groups offered to finance her appeal.

Then the Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Mervyn Stockwood, called the sentence "severe and inhuman."

British newspapers took up the cry.

Then Magistrate Rose told his: "When the protest started, he said: 'I do not regret my decision. It was a painful one, but it was just. I did what I believed was right.'"

As the flood of protests increased, Rose died.

Today Mrs. Christos' appeal was heard. The court was told that Mrs. Christos' husband died in 1953, leaving her with four children now aged 15, 14, 11, and seven. It learned that Mrs. Christos admitted she took in outside work, although she had signed a form which had told her she must report it.

#### Reduction

It heard her statement that "I could not live on my National Assistance money and bring up four children." The court deliberated and then decided to reduce her sentence to one month.

### Whole Car Wobbled!

Wimbledon, June 12.

Police stopped David Walder, 20, to tell him he had a wobbly wheel on his car.

They found the front bumper was wired to the flapping fenders; the driver's door was attached by string to rusty hinges; the windows were held in with putty; the whole car twisted when leaned on. UPI.

### Britain's Gain

Washington, June 12.

Britain stands to gain \$11 million worth of immediate orders as a result of a United States ruling on imports of heavy electrical equipment made today.

The U.S. Government's Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization (OCDM) said that imports of turbines and other heavy electrical equipment posed no threat to national security. UPI.

### Wrong Port?

Rotterdam, June 12.

The 9,515-ton British motor ship Argosian arrived off the Hook of Holland from Gibraltar, proceeded up the ship canal to the Rotterdam Docks, and discovered it was in the wrong port.

The cargo was destined for Kiel, Germany. The Argosian's on its way. UPI.

### New Capital

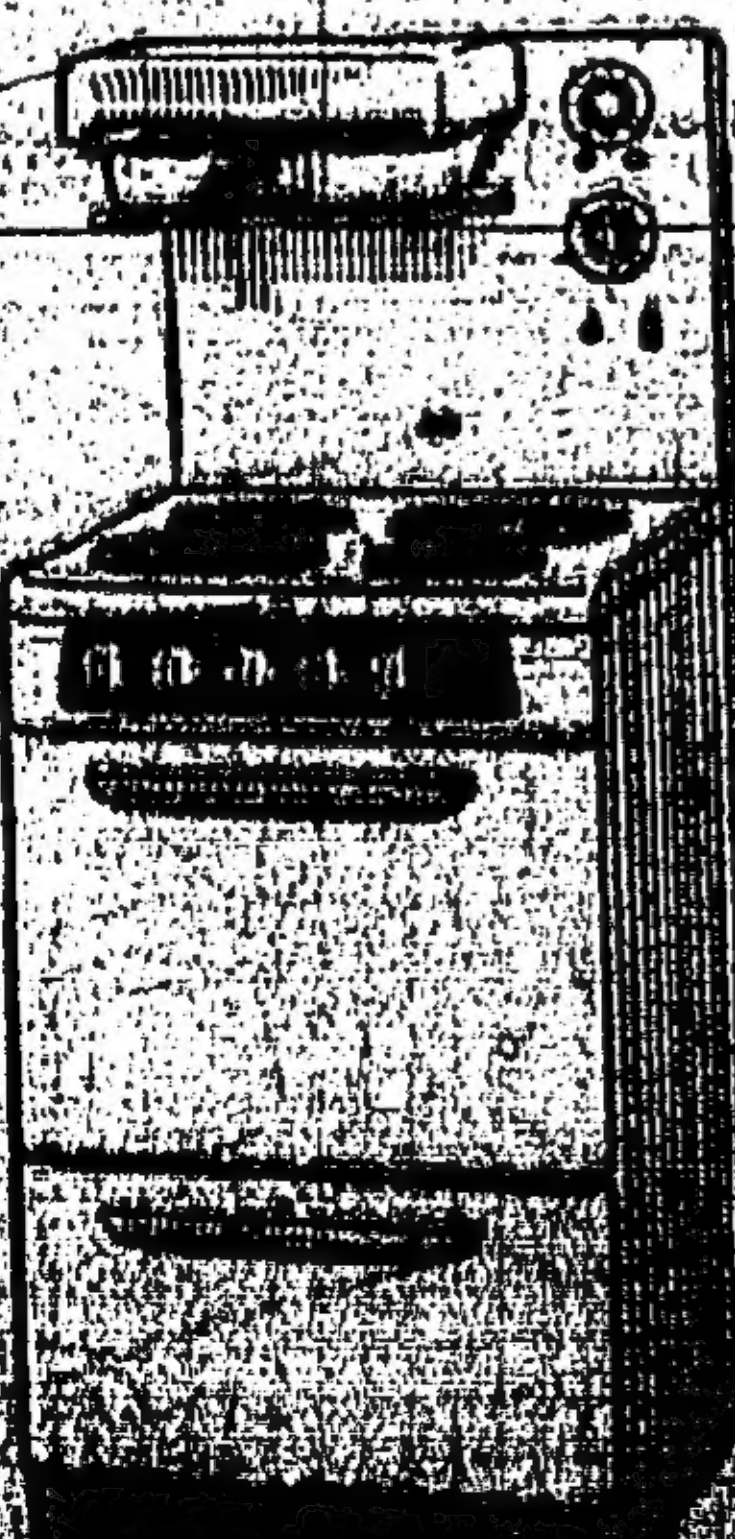
Karachi, June 12.

The Pakistani Government today decided the country's capital should be shifted from Karachi to a new site near Rawalpindi in northwest Pakistan where a new capital city will be built close to the foothills of the Himalayan mountains. AFP.

It's new - The complete cooker -  
It's supreme - The most exciting  
cooker of all time!

THE  
**SEC**  
SUPREME  
WITH EYE LEVEL GRILL

All the ultra modern  
features you want.  
Extra big oven with  
counter balanced drop  
down door.  
Automatic timer and  
change superspeed  
cooking with almost  
no control. Large  
generally heated  
upper cupboard.  
In flaming white with  
chrome trim.



There are so many things to see

Such lovely things, both East and West:  
Won't you fly there with me?

- \* From HONG KONG to EUROPE every Sunday, Wednesday & Friday.
- \* 7 flights a week to EUROPE from BOMBAY.
- \* Choice of stopovers in CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, BEIRUT, DAMASCUS, CAIRO, ROME, PRAGUE, DUSSELDORF, ZURICH, GENEVA, PARIS.
- \* 5 flights a week from HONG KONG to TOKYO.
- \* Choice of First & Tourist Class.
- \* Every First Class seat a full Stumbrerette.
- \* Easy connections to cities all over the world.
- \* Wonderful Super-G Constellation flights and Radar comfort.

**AIR-INDIA International**



**BACARDI**  
Carta Blanca  
RUM



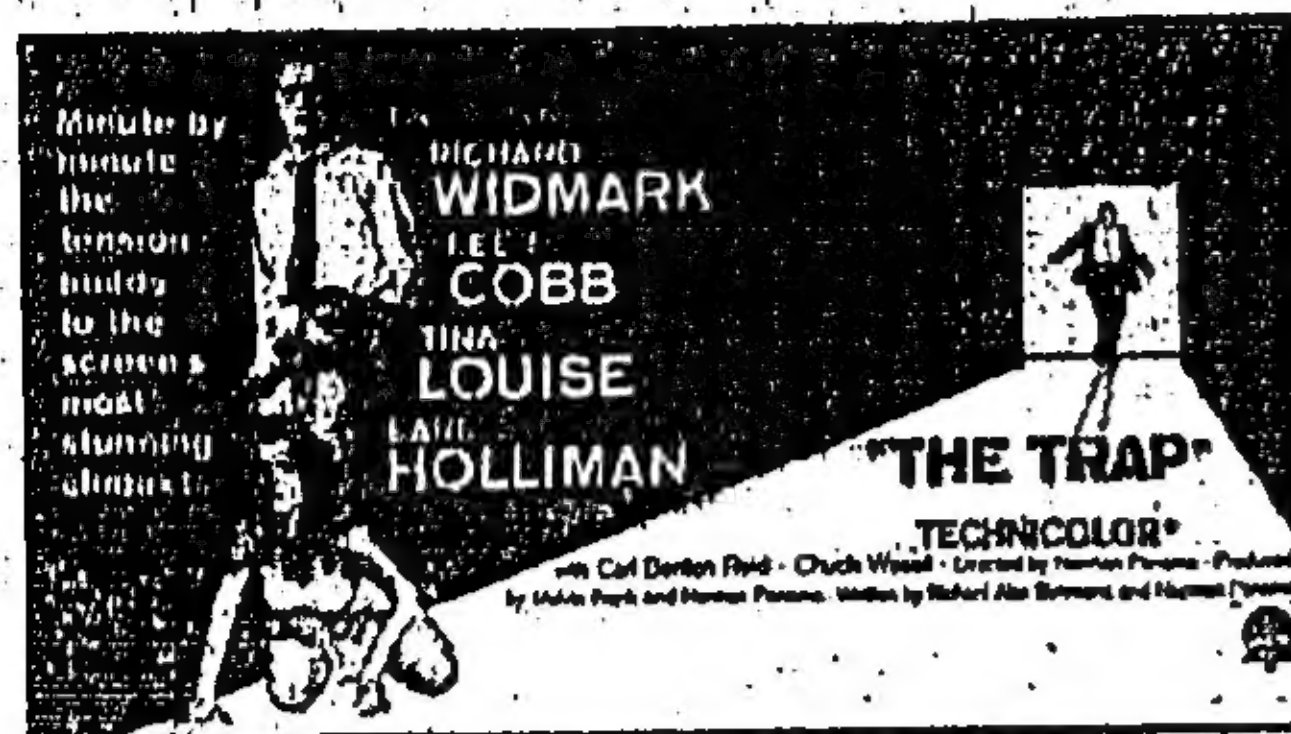
"BACARDI COCKTAIL"  
1 measure Bacardi Rum  
Juice of 1/2 lime (or  
lemon) 2 dashes  
Grenadine Syrup Shake  
well with cracked ice  
and strain.

Imported by  
CALDERON, MACGREGOR & CO. LTD.



## KING'S PRINCESS

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY



## PRINCESS

TO-DAY MATINEE SHOW

At 12.30 p.m.  
Reduced PricesBob Hope • Fendel • Anita Ekberg in  
"PARIS HOLIDAY" in CinemaScope • Technicolor

★ GRAND OPENING TO-MORROW ★

NOW IT CAN  
BE REVEALED—  
THE CONTENTS  
OF THE  
SECRET FILE  
CONTAINING  
THE MOST  
FANTASTIC  
PLOT OF  
WORLD  
WAR TWO!WHEN HELL  
BROKE LOOSECHARLES BRONSON • RICHARD JACQUEL • VIOLET RENSING  
Produced by OSCAR BROOKLYN and SOL DOLAN. Screenplay by OSCAR BROOKLYN. A Paramount Release.

## SUNDAY MORNING &amp; MATINEE SHOWS

KING'S  
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m.  
"U-I's WOODPECKER  
COLOR CARTOONS"To-morrow At 12.15 p.m.  
"PARIS HOLIDAY"  
in CinemaScope & Color

Admissions: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS  
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m.  
"20TH CENTURY-FOX  
TECHNICOLOR  
CARTOONS"To-morrow At 12.30 p.m.  
Frank Sinatra • Tony Curtis in  
"KINGS GO FORTH"

70 Cts., \$1.00 &amp; \$1.50

At PRINCESS — FREE "GREEN SPOT" Cold Drinks To  
Every Patron Of The Morning & Matinee Shows

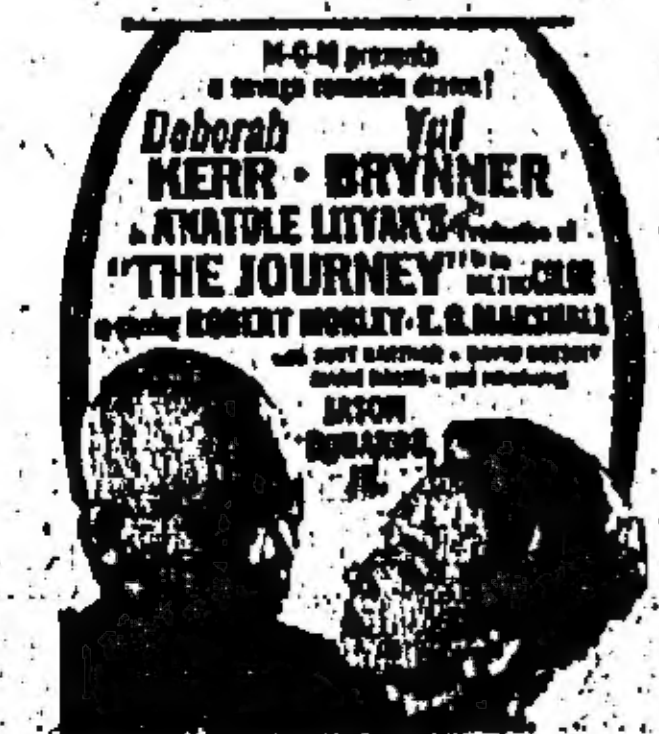
## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of  
"I MOBSTER" At 12.15 p.m.

To-morrow Morning Show • At Reduced Prices

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon  
20th Century-Fox presents  
In CinemaScope & Color  
"BOY ON A DOLPHIN"  
Starring: Allan Ladd  
Sophia LorenBROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.  
LATEST  
M-G-M  
TECHNICOLOR  
CARTOONS  
PROGRAMME

## ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

Due to length of films,  
Please note change of times:  
To-day: 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.40  
Leading Stars in a tempestuous  
New Love Story with action!Morning Show To-morrow 12.30  
"TO CATCH A THIEF"Morning Show To-morrow  
"MONEY FROM MONY"FILMS CURRENT & COMING  
by ANTHONY FULLER

EXACTLY 19 years ago to the day (that is as I am writing this) the Nazis were in full cry for Amsterdam. A British Army major and two Dutch patriots are shipped to Holland. Their job? To try and persuade the Amsterdam diamond merchants to hand over their jewels before the Nazis get them.

This is the incident which makes such an excellent film of "Operation Amsterdam" (Lee and Astor).

The film's interest because it is not just another war film, it is really a first class idea for showing human interest.

It is a matter of history that Amsterdam was flattened by bombs; but few know that during it all a destroyer wriggled through the minefield, and that a British officer played the hunter and the hunted against such a background.

Eva Bartok gives a good performance as a Dutch girl. Tony Britton, Alexander Knox and Peter Finch are stern jawed and on top of the job all the time. No doubt the real facts are pepped up a bit, but there is that quick-breathed excitement all the time as the patriots make it with a few seconds to spare.

The producers have tried to give us the lot. The pathetic refugees; the terror bombings; the start; brutality; and now and again a touching scene such as that in which Molekoff Koenig, a Jewish diamond merchant, sums up the situation. An exciting film; one more or less true; a reminder of what really happened and happens when war descends upon the innocent.

★ ★ ★

## "THE MATING GAME"

(Hoover and Galt) is about the best laugh the English have given the Americans since the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.

Most British film fans will know the story under its home title, "The Darling Buds of May," which concerns itself with a family on a farm in Kent. "The Mating Game" is the same set-up except the farm is transported to Maryland.

The important thing is, the humor is left intact; the wit, the laugh on bureaucracy; and the butt of the author's wit is stupidity in high places.

Debbie Reynolds, Tony Randall, and Paul Douglas, are the stars, with Fred Clark and Una Merkel assisting in taking the rise out of the U.S. inland Revenue Department.

The main point of the plot is, Paul Douglas has never paid income tax; he lives by a form of barter, so tax investigator Tony Randall is sent by Fred Clark to sort out the mess.

Debbie Reynolds, as a kind of farm girl sophisticate, fills the role very well. Many will consider this her best performance.

Fred Clark maintains his standard as one of the best supporting players in filmland universal.

Tony Randall has a part made to measure as the tax investigator who is driven almost mad trying to turn barter into taxable profit. For instance, question: "What did you pay for that ice-box?" Paul Douglas: "I dunno, I guess I gave a bone and an old pump for it."

Question: "How much would you say the pump was worth?" And so on. Result: complete collapse of tax investigator.

It is a light-hearted film, just suited to these hot lazy days when something not too deep yet full of fun is demanded.

Filmed in CinemaScope and Metrocolor, it makes bright entertainment from beginning to end.

★ ★ ★

"I MOBSTER" is a good gangster film, reminiscent of such productions as "Scarface," of the thirties.

Showing at the Roxy and Broadway, it sets out to tell in violent action and crisp dialogue, the story of a hoodlum's rise to notoriety, and of his short anxious career terminated by a volley of lead which screams like an ax.

The film, with a good script with a very good dialogue, is a fast moving picture never slowed up by peddling in action for action's sake, and a believable plot which screams like an ax.

Regarding the latter, I think it really sets out to expose that fearful organization. Murder Incorporated.

Speaking of the dialogue, a scene which is deliciously vulgar is when Grant Withers entertains his mob to celebrate



Peter Finch, Tony Britton, and Alexander Knox, land in Amsterdam, June 1940, with 12 hours to complete their mission. From the film, "Operation Amsterdam."

Steve Cochran's ascendancy to full membership, which he achieves by bumping off his first victim.

The hoodlums are drinking champagne and smoking cigars; they have reached the stage when feminine company is desirable. There is no question of, "Shall we join the ladies?" rather does Grant Withers rise and announce, "Gentlemen, the broads."

A door opens and in come trooping the hard faced, baby talking molls. The gangsters philosophy is tersely explained: "Sometimes you've got to kill to live."

A particular inmate is denounced; "The longer I live, the less I know about people." This follows the unwilling killing of a mobster who takes to dope. One becomes the more uneasy when one realizes that one is witnessing something that rings horribly true. The carpet cleaning business which really covers the vicious practices of Murder Incorporated is almost a documentary on video; one wonders how it remained so long in business when everyone knew so much about it.

The good influence, for what it is worth, is provided by Lita Milan. Cochran is in love with her, that is as far as a man who has to snatch for a gun every few minutes, is able to fall in love.

Robert Strauss as a mobster who postpones becoming the number one as long as he can, is likely to earn the fans applause as the most convincing actor in a commendable cast.

The plot hinges on Steve Cochran being summoned before the Senate Rackets Committee in Washington, and in answer to the question, "When did you first become a mobster?" the picture flashes back to his past.

On the other side, there is a certain grim humour in hearing a hoodlum invoking the rights of the American Constitution in protecting his own worthless hide.

Admitted it is a gangster film, but never since the thirties when gangland was news, has a film been made which portrays the kings of violence with such ruthless realism.

During her stay at Stratford-upon-Avon where she is starring in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Season, Dame Edith Evans—soon to be seen on the screen in the Associated British production "Look Back in Anger"—has rented a cottage for the summer.

Her landlord's name: Mr W. H. Shakespeare.

This is the story of a Spanish fighting bull who, by a strange quirk of fate, was destined to live as a film star and not die in the bull ring.

When film producer George Brown went to Seville to make preparations for filming "Tommy the Toreador" which stars Tony Britton, Janet Munro and Sidney James, he had to find a ferocious bull for certain sequences in the film, including the scenes where Tommy, as a matador, fights the bull.

George went to the cortijo ranch of Salvador Guardiola who for many years has bred some of the finest bulls in all Spain. There he selected a particularly fine black bull which, for a year, was filmed from all angles in the magnificent bull ring in Seville.

But here is the happy ending. This same bull will never be allowed to participate in a real bull fight. There is tradition in Spain that fighting bulls allowed into a bull ring for any purpose must never return for a second time.

So when filming is completed on "Tommy the Toreador" the bull will be returned to the cortijo of Signor Salvador Guardiola, there to spend his days in peace and quiet.

Tommy Steele stars with Janet Munro and Sydney James in "Tommy the Toreador," a George H. Brown production in collaboration with Nat Cohen and Stuart Levy for release by Associated British.

I suppose the Angry Young Man cult will soon hit Hong-kong hard. We have had a few "frantically fierce" imports since the cult caught on in England, but two films will soon put the thing right in our laps.

First there is the film, the John Osborne "Look Back in Anger," Richard Burton plays Jimmy Porter, the shillies rebel, who sees-saws between a nagging despairing attitude to life which almost drives his young wife, Mary Ure, to distraction, and a passionate fervour, equally unimpaired.

"No Trees in the Street" is the second of the kind. The film has the East End of London as its setting; time immediately before the Second World War. Stanley Holloway, Sylvia Syms, Joan Miller, Mervyn Hines, Liam Redmond, and Herbert Lom, form the first rate cast for this film.

Both "Look Back in Anger" and "No Trees in the Street" are Associated British films, handled by Warner Bros. in Hong-kong.

To mark her escape from anonymity—at least in HELLER—director George Cukor ordered the script writer to identify the role as "Rosemary Johnston—lightrope walker."

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

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## Lee Astor

TEL. 7.130 TEL. 6.777

TO-DAY at 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.



MOORING SHOW TO-MORROW —  
LEE at 11.01 a.m. ASTOR at 11.03 a.m.  
COLOUR CARTOONS COLOUR CARTOONS  
AT 12.30 p.m. AT 12.30 p.m.  
FRIENDLY FRIENDLY  
PERSUASION ATTILA

AIP - CONDITIONED

STAR METROPOLE

## RETURN ENGAGEMENT TO-DAY

BY POPULAR DEMAND

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

THE WONDER SHOW OF THE WORLD!



EXTRA! EXTRA! At The STAR TO-MORROW

Free "VITASOY" To All Patrons

At Every Performance!

To-morrow Morning Show • At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

PARAMOUNT FOX

LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.

Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW

Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in

"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"

A Paramount Picture In CinemaScope

A Fox Picture

HOOVER GALA

TEL. 7.251 TEL. 5.678

OPENS TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

A Romantic Riot on the Screen! Rollicking Laughter!

Filmed on location in the haystack!

M-G-M presents

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

TONY RANDALL • PAUL DOUGLAS

"The Mating Game"

Co-Starring FRED CLARK in CinemaScope and METROCOLOR

Special Matinee At Reduced Admission To-morrow

Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's

Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m. COLOR CARTOONS

Hoover Theatre at 12.00 noon James Stewart — Doris Day in

"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

Yoshiko Yamaguchi in

"MADAME BUTTERFLY"

WITZ CINEMA

FINAL TO-DAY

AT 2.10, 5.10, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

CLINT WALKER

"THE GREAT ESCAPE"

"THE GREAT ESCAPE"

"THE GREAT ESCAPE"

"THE GREAT ESCAPE"

"THE GREAT ESCAPE"

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"THE GREAT ESCAPE"



HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

# Raising The 'Ugly Duckling'

## Doctor's Advice To Parents

London. DOS and don'ts to parents for bringing up "the ugly duckling" in their family are given by Dr J. S. Coleman, Medical Officer of Health for East Ham (London) in the Woman Health Officer.

"Consider the toddler who discovers that he does not match up in physical attractiveness or intelligence to his brothers and sisters," he writes. "This problem is often forced on him by thoughtless parents who create the ugly duckling situation, and evoke the jealousy in our toddler."

### Become Rude

"He may become rude and aggressive, and as he cannot direct his aggression against the source of his annoyance, possibly the beautiful new baby or the sturdy older brothers, he casts around for a substitute on which to vent his spite."

"This may be a harmless kitten he kicks or the little girl next door whose hair he pulls unmercifully."

"But blind fear may completely block out his outgoing (savouring) aggression, which may turn inward and give rise to a variety of bizarre traits which battle and disturb the parents."

"Picking of the face or skin around the finger nails, head banging, nail-biting or hair pulling all arise in this way and are surely expressions of guilt as well as aggression in an unloved or repudiated toddler."

Dr Coleman says that inherent peculiarities in the child's emotional make-up were not often responsible for distressing psychological reactions.

### Fault Lay

"More often the fault lay with lack of contentment in the home, or unsuitable or unwise management by unseeing or unthinking parents or adults."

"The only child of struggling class-conscious parents (the social climbers of yesterday) is often stranded early in life high and dry on the lonely banks of the easy flowing river of community life."

"Emotionally he is still tied to his over-protective, over-protecting parents. Intellectually he is too advanced to splash and swim with his peers in the somewhat murky but accommodating stream. His early isolation has so hemmed around his life that he is unable to live with other children and well knows he only exists without them."

China Mail Special.

**Needed Steadying.** Leicester. Police congratulated Harry Woodford when he swerved his car to avoid a woman who had darted into the road. But the incident shocked 64-year-old Woodford and he stopped for a brandy. Other drinks followed. Woodford lost his licence and was fined £8 for drunken driving.—UPI.

## 'Ain't They Cute,' Says Christine



Winner of the Daily Express organised competition for choosing names for the London Zoo's two three-month-old Syrian bear cubs, Mrs Elcott, chose eastern names — Rashid and Pasha. Mrs Elcott got her £5 prize and her three daughters got a special visit to the bears. At the Zoo — Christine, 7, Joyce, 10 and Elaine Elcott, 4, with Rashid and Pasha.—Express Photo.

## Music, Plays And Talks 20,000ft Up

Johannesburg. BECAUSE a South African businessman became bored on a flight between Johannesburg and London 12 months ago, South African Airways will soon become one of the first in the world to provide music and radio programmes for their passengers in flight.

The businessman is Solomon Rissen of Johannesburg. He has devised a tape recorder which will play for up to 40 hours, and has obtained the rights to several programmes of music, plays and talks.

Officials of the SAA say their Viscount and DC-7B aircraft are at present being wired to make use of Rissen's system. The first plane using it should be in operation in July.

Each passenger in the aircraft will be connected to the tape recorder by an individual set of earphones. Thus anyone who doesn't want to listen, doesn't have to. The programmes will be interspersed with brief "commercials"—one means by which SAA hopes to keep itself out of the red.

It was understood that several other international airlines are expressing interest in the scheme. They are expected to take action after the system has been proved by SAA.—UPI.

**STATE**

TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20  
6.30 P.M.



Sunday Morning Show  
At 12.15 p.m.  
DANNY KAYE in  
"KNOCK ON WOOD"  
in CinemaScope-Technicolor  
At Reduced Prices

## COAL TAR YIELDS NEW MERCY DRUG

London. TWO American doctors have discovered a new pain-killing drug which is 10 times more powerful than morphine. And the secret lay in coal.

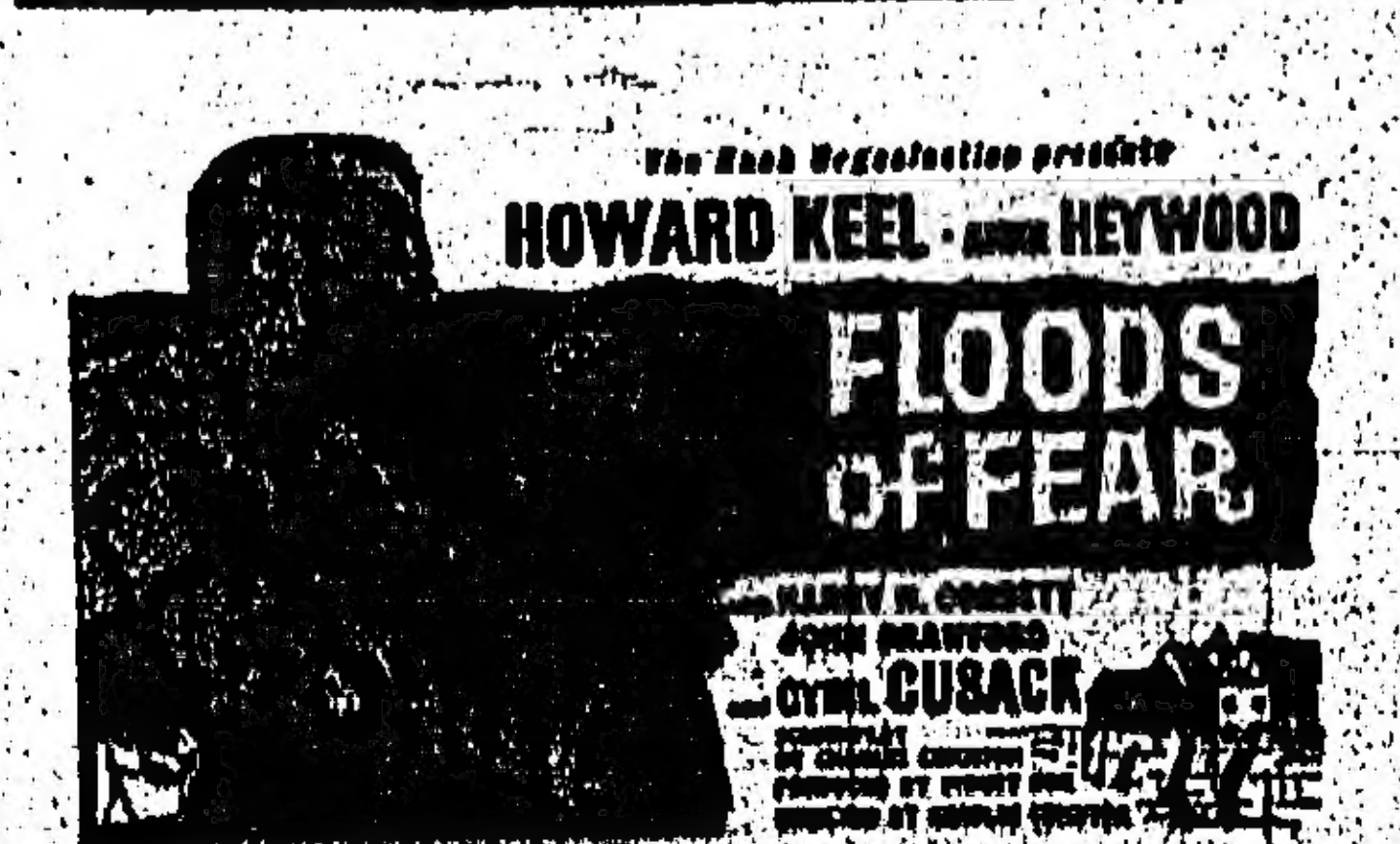
## Moon Said To Be Free Of Rust

Chicago. SCIENCE has done it again.

For what comfort it may be to tidy space cadets and pioneer housewives, a metal-hurler group here has announced that on the moon, metal won't rust, silver never tarnishes and bronze can't turn green.

A space-age "rust index" shows that on earth, up to 15 years of moisture, wind, corrosive gases, sunlight and salt water will corrode a steel panel the size of a license plate. And presumably anything else rustable.

Rust ratio, they say, is 0.0 for the moon, which lacks wind, moisture and free oxygen.—UPI.



COMING TO THE LEE & ASTOR

## 'Spooks Persuaded Old Lady'

London. SPIRITUALIST Jesse John Hunt was accused of using "spooks" called "Morace," "Alfred," and "Michael" to persuade an 80-year-old woman to leave him the bulk of her £20,000 estate.

In the probate court, 78-year-old Hunt sought probate of the will of Mrs Sarah Ann Harden, which left him her house and money for its upkeep.

### CHARLATANRY

Mrs Harden's daughter, Miss Betty Mary Brown, opposed the probate, and claimed that Hunt "by trickery and charlatanism" used undue influence on the old woman to change the will in his favour.

Miss Brown became suspicious and eavesdropped at one of the seances. She heard "an unnatural booming voice" telling Mrs Harden to leave the house to her dear friend Mr Hunt and to take all her affairs out of the hands of her lawyers.—UPI.

## Pigeons' Homing Instinct Traps Thieves

Obernau, Austria. THE instincts of five homing pigeons helped a judge convict three youngsters of theft.

The three youngsters—all of them minors—were fined 30 to 100 marks (HK\$42 to \$144) for the theft of the pigeons. "They pleaded not guilty and claimed they had bought them from a local breeder in the market. But when police set the pigeons free, they headed straight for the dwellings of the plaintiff."

This, the judge ruled, was ample evidence for finding the defendants guilty.—UPI.

## Wanted To Be Saved

Home. Police reported they saved the life of Roberto Proietti here after he telephoned them and cried: "Help, my wife—she's committed suicide."

He told police they as soon as he felt he was "dying" it scared him. Police said he was rushed to a hospital for a momentary respite. An overdose of sleeping pills and put under observation.—UPI.

## What makes a woman magnetic?



## Helena Rubinstein real Silk Face Powder

HELENA RUBINSTEIN created real Silk Face Powder from pure atomised silk—because skin and silk have a natural affinity. Both are living substances strongly magnetic to each other. That is why real Silk Face Powder has a cling that simply cannot be equalled! AND for dry skins—Helena Rubinstein's Silk Face Powder Special—formulated to retain moisture, cling longer. Real Silk Face Powder comes in 9 flattering skin-tones, including enchanting new Bed of Roses.

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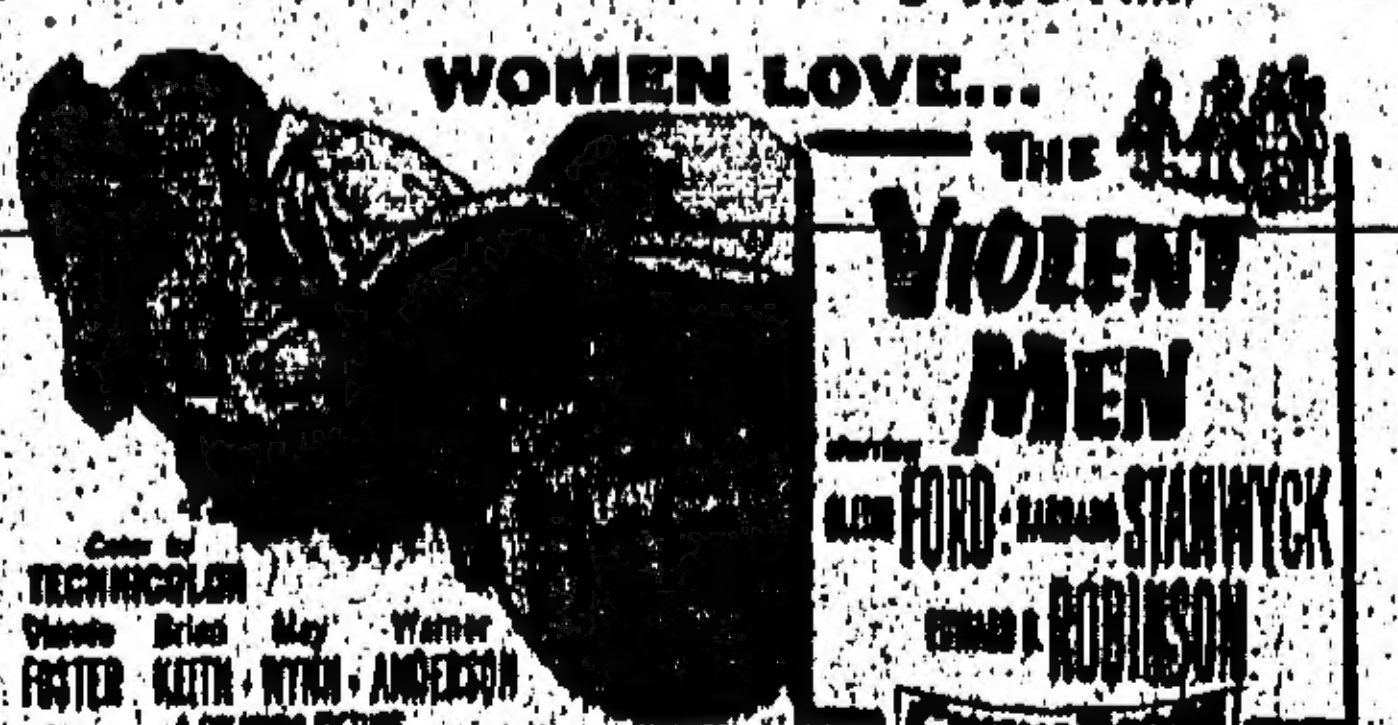
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Parker T-Ball Ballpoint

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At 11.00 P.M. M-G-M "CARTOONS" COLOR  
At 12.30 P.M. JAMES STEWART in "NAKED SPUR"

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: At the invitation of the Family Planning Association, three women doctors from the USSR are in London on a study visit. Mainly they will be concerned with British methods of disseminating birth control information. From left, they are: Dr Galina Ilyinskaya, Professor Margarita Zakharova, and Dr Ariadna Sinyukova.



RIGHT: Since the Cannes Film Festival, actress Kim Novak and the Aly Khan have been constant companions. Recently, she flew in to London with her parents, to be Aly's guest at the Dorby. She admitted: "We have been staying at Aly's village on the Riviera," but claimed: "I am not in love with him. I have never been in love. If I had I would have married."



RIGHT: Chelsea artist Peter Shill, 28, recently sent a get-well message to the London Clinic—to tell actress Kay Kendall, recovering there from pneumonia contracted in Paris, that his portrait of her is ready for collection. She should have been cheered up, for she's already had a sneak preview of the portrait, which she told friends was "simply wonderful and exciting."



ABOVE: Richard Gerald Long, 30, has an odd history for a man who is the heir of the third Viscount Long. On National Service his highest rank was corporal; after being demobbed he became a paint salesman; and today he's a familiar figure in the market-places of Wiltshire and Dorset—selling men's clothes, with, at present, a special line in slacks.

BELOW: Living in a £3 10s a week flat in Bayswater is an actress who turned down the "natural" part of Anne Frank in the London production of the play. "Natural" because she went to school with the tragic Dutch girl, and herself hid in the same street, giving herself up after the capture of her mother, father and sisters. She is actress Ellen Bluth, and one of 900 survivors of the 16,000 inmates of Westerbork concentration camp.



RIGHT: At the end of his six-day visit to Britain, King Olav of Norway recently went to Richmond, Yorkshire to visit the depot of the Green Howards infantry regiment, of which he is colonel-in-chief. Here, King Olav is cheered by Norwegians from Liverpool who had come to Richmond to see him.

RIGHT BELOW: M. Soustelle, French Minister for Atomic Energy and Sahara Development, arrived in London recently. Picture shows M. Soustelle (left) with Viscount Kilmuir, Lord Chancellor, who gave a luncheon in his honour at Carlton House.

LEFT: Strolling down a London street go three girls from Texas—collecting a stare from every passer-by. But their costumes—and those of their fellow members of the dramatic society of Howard Payne College, collected even bigger stares recently when they opened at Coventry with a Texas-style version of Shakespeare—played in cowboy dress with a Western background, and even Western tunes to the Shakespearean tunes.



ABOVE: Up in London for the day, honeymooners Eddie Fisher and Liz Taylor help prop up the bar in a friendly West End pub—and apart from the barman, the tracking photographer, and occasionally a rather more perspicacious drinker, nobody takes any notice.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: David Kwan, 22-year-old Chinese-Malayan, who is walking around the world in ten years, has arrived in London. David began his journey on May 4, 1957, with 10 Malayan dollars, a camera, a watch and a big smile. He has lived by doing all manner of jobs. His long walk has, so far, taken him across Siam, Burma, Pakistan, India, Afghanistan, Iran, Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia, Germany and France.



BELOW: Barry Keble is 17. Barbara Lucas is 16. Recently Barry and Barbara went to Southend register office for the ceremony that will make them man and wife, with their parents' full approval. Barry spotted Barbara at Southend Airport two years ago. She spotted him too, and, they still claim, it was love at first sight.



ABOVE: Sir Denis Allen, at present deputy Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, who has been appointed first deputy Commissioner for South-East Asia with the lapsing of the office of Governor of Singapore. Under Singapore's new Constitution, the Queen's representative is known as the Yang di-Pertuan Negara. A U.K. Commissioner represents Britain's interests. At present Sir William Goode holds both these positions. In December the post of Yang di-Pertuan Negara will be taken over by a Malayan. Sir William's successor will take over as U.K. Commissioner. The Commissioner will have two deputies, one for Singapore, the other for the rest of his territory.



## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

## ROWNTREE'S





## DID IT HAPPEN?

IN India there is far more to railway thieving than merely knocking off a suitcase from an unwary traveller on a station platform—although there is plenty of that sort of skulduggery too. Working the trains is more than a profession; like Thugger in the old days, it is almost a religion.

Train thieves or "ghari-dacots" live in camps in the jungle. They are dedicated to their job at a very early age and they bring to it a carefully studied modus operandi worthy of a better cause.

Their gazelle-eyed children lip songs to you from the side of the track at the frequent infighting stops. Indian trains make miles from nowhere, holding out pathetic, supplicating little hands and thanking you prettily for such alms as you may throw them from the carriage window.

## Mental notes

They also make mental notes of the more opulent dressing-cases and silver-fitted lunchcoons that one tends to see when the white man bore his burden up-country. They pass these notes to "khabar-wallahs" (news-bearers) who travel in third-class compartments. The khabar-wallahs send their collected intelligence the head of them up the line to the actual operatives. How? Don't ask me. That is one of the secrets we never learned in the four hundred years of our association with the sub-continent. Probably by the same means that told in Calcutta bazaars of the outbreak of the Mutiny in Meerut, a hundred years ago, within minutes of its happening.

The operatives always worked at night. They stripped themselves mother-naked and smeared themselves from head to foot with cheetah-fat. This pomade served a double purpose. It prevented anyone discovering them from getting a grip on them, and the smell of cheetah in any form whatsoever, will reduce the stoutest-hearted dog to quivering, craven silence—which was the explanation one gave to indignant, incredulous travellers mulcted of their all when they cried:

"But how the devil could they have robbed me? I had my bull-terrier in the compartment. He'd tear an intruder to pieces."

## Silent ghosts

They used to board the train on inclines, where it had to stop up, like silent black ghosts—climb on to the couplings and then on to the roots of the carriages—drop down on to the running board opposite the selected compartment—jimmy the window catches of the venetian slats with the knife they always carried in their teeth, and slide in.

Chokras, or apprentices, chose times when the occupants were



I heard with relief his knife tinkle to the floor.

# THE WHITE DACOIT

by Berkely Mather

along in the dining car, but the real expert worked when the traveller was asleep. I should explain that all first- and second-class compartments on Indian trains make up into no corridors. Passengers wishing to dine have to alight at one of the stops I have mentioned and walk along the track to the diner and then regain their places at a subsequent stop.

Once inside the compartment, the thief worked quickly and purposefully. He moved everything portable to the door, stacked it neatly, opened the door, pushed it out and then jumped. They always knew where to jump—or almost always.

Only once have I known of one to misjudge it—and hit a stone culvert. All in all, looking back, it is perhaps just as well he did—given from his own point of view.

We were returning from leave, Pelligrow and myself, and we boarded the Punjab Mail at Victoria terminus, Bombay. We knew all about train thieves, both having been stung before—Pelligrow once myself twice. We put our faith in bull-terriers or bird-shot-loaded 12 bores but in little wooden wedges that we

star **BERKELY MATHER** (the pseudonym of Lieut. Col. Jasper Davies) began writing while in the Army in Cyprus.

Sitting in a tent in the evenings, he produced a continuous stream of successful television plays. He retired from the Army this year and settled down to full-time authorship.



## Twice stung

jammed into the window catches. We locked the inward-opening carriage doors and braced our steel uniform cases against them, and Pelligrow, with fendish ingenuity, scattered three packets of drawing pins over the floor. I had reason to denigrate this last measure later in the night when I got up to get a drink of water, and I properly brushed them all to one side with a towel in case I should be forgetful again.

The journey from Bombay to Lahore takes two nights and a day. The first night went by without incident—except for my punctured soles. By the early hours of the second morning we were well up into the United Provinces. This part of the country, and the adjoining Central Provinces, are the happy hunting-grounds of the real professional, so you may be certain that we did not relax our precautions. We left our Indian bearers, who had met us in Bombay, in the compartment when we were having our meals, and the wedges and uniform cases went into place when we retired for the night, but I jibbed at the drawing-pins, because I'm a violent and impulsive fiver when I do wake suddenly.

What did disturb me on this occasion I cannot say. It certainly wasn't any untoward noise. But I did wake, and with a full consciousness that something was wrong. The train was going flat out and the electric fans were whirling in their normal whining overtones. I could dimly see Pelligrow's white-sheeted bulk on the opposite berth and could hear his stentorian snores adding to their need to the chorus. In short, everything was normal except for the certainty within me that it wasn't.

Naturally my first thought, since our minds were attuned that way, was of train thieves. I lay perfectly still just as one is told to do if one suspects the presence of an intruder, and scanned as far as I could without moving my head. This immobility had a very definite purpose. Train thieves would never harm a sleeping passenger, but if disturbed they will

stab viciously and swiftly—and their knives are eighteen inches of razor-sharp wickedness.

Then, I saw him. We must have passed a lone signal at that moment and there was just enough glimmering reflected light from his lamp for me to make out a figure hunched over the heavy uniform case by the

opposite door. I am no hero—but both his hands were occupied, so I jumped and bellowed at the same time. I heard with relief his knife tinkle to the floor. He fought like a panther and it was then that I first realised the efficacy of the cheetah fat. It was impossible to grip him anywhere—but he, on the other hand, was at no such disadvantage and I felt his fingers go round my throat like twin vices, but the noise had now awakened Pelligrow and he came into action like a charging hippo and his fourteen stone carried the day. We just bore the dacoit down by sheer brute weight and sat on him—and then I managed to reach out for the light-switch.

What would your reactions be if you saw the vicar dance in through your drawing-room door—stark-naked and brandishing a knife?

Exactly. That's just how we felt, although we were Pelligrow actually put it so picturesquely.

The train thief was a white man. Naked, grease-daubed and shaven—but still unmistakably, a white man.

We got the straps from a leather case twisted round his wrists and ankles and then we sat back and just gawped. I thought about Indian albinos—but that wasn't the answer. This man was stocky and rugged and middle-aged and he would have been out of place in a pit-head bath—or the changing room of the Bath Club. His first words dispelled any lingering doubts, anyhow.

## Modest toll

"Sorry, chaps," he said. "Army, I see. I usually only levy my modest toll on civilians. Ah, well—Jhansi in half an hour, and the police there are swine. Could I trouble you for a cigarette?"

I glanced at Pelligrow. The same thing occurred to us both like a flash. McQuade, the white dacoit. Cashiered at the end of the 1914-18 war for theft—and a good native. His exploits were legendary—and, like legends, largely pure moonshine. In fact many doubted his existence.

We gave him a cigarette—and because the straps were cutting his wrists cruelly, we loosened him on his giving us his word that he wouldn't try any nonsense.

That was foolish. He cross-bit us, both as I was handing the cigarette to him and Pelligrow was striking a match—and he lived for the door from which the uniform case had now been moved—and we heard the ghastly thud above the rattling roar of the wheels as he hit the culvert.

We reported it at Jhansi since the communication cord didn't seem to be working, and the police went down the line—but they never found him—only the unmistakable mark where he had hit the stones. His friends must have found him and borne him into the silent jungle, for even in death the ghari-dacots stuck together.

We were rather glad.

## DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put a tick against your choice in the space above.  
(The answer is on Page 18)  
(London Express Service)

# Logan Gourlay

WHO KNOWS AND TELLS IN HIS UNMISTAKABLE WAY

I INTEND... I insist... that this week I write about a boxing promoter. If you're surprised I must point out that this column is meant to be about people—all kinds of people. And, whatever you think about boxing promoters, they are people.

Introducing, therefore, at a comfortable middle-aged poundage Mr Harry Levene, otherwise known in mock Runyonese as Harry the Hoarse, or Flash Harry.

He is now one of the two leading boxing promoters in the whole of the Commonwealth. This is confirmed by my colleague Desmond Hackett who is, of course, the No. 1 expert on these matters.

It is not confirmed by Mr Jack Solomons. But then Mr Jack Solomons, as the other leading promoter, is heavily prejudiced.

## No contest

When I met Harry the Hoarse in a West End restaurant I let him do the talking. I hadn't much choice.

He is probably hoarse because he has been talking non-stop for years around the ringsides and dressing-rooms. His hoarseness now has a rich timbre compounded of cigar smoke, resin, and old gum shields.

He said: "I don't want to whip up a contest with Solomons. I don't talk to him and he doesn't talk to me. That suits me fine."

"Somebody once quoted me as saying that I was in the boxing business when he was still in fish. I don't remember saying a thing like that. And I'm not saying it now."

"I've only been a full-time promoter for about five or six years, but I learned all about the business before the war when I was a manager."

Looking at the nose of Harry the Hoarse, which spreads over his homely face like a punctured punch bag, I did not have to ask him how he had started his career in boxing.

## Championship

"Sure I wanted to be a boxer when I was a kid and I did fight a bit. Then I got my nose broken and retired at an early age."

"It wasn't a very pretty nose to begin with and it has been worse ever since. But a pretty map might be a disadvantage in this game. It certainly wouldn't help me to stage the heavy-weight championship of the world. That's my biggest ambition."

"You can tell your readers—and Mr Solomons—that I hope to promote or co-promote the championship fight this year in America."

"I'll take over a British contender—I can't say who yet—to fight the holder, Floyd Patterson. He's a great guy."

"If I pull it off I'll be the first British promoter ever to have done it in America."

"You know I started my career over there. Well, more or less. My first job was in your racket. I worked with a London newspaper on the circulation and cover a few nights, I wasn't getting anywhere, so I took off for New York."

"Worked on a paper there, too, and got more involved in

boxing. Got to know people like Damon Runyon.

"No, he wasn't a very funny man in private. He was a thin little character but he used to eat like a horse."

"I remember we used to go round the night clubs and restaurants and he'd eat a meal in each one. If there was anything left over he'd wrap it up to take home. Used to say to me: 'Harry, boy, I'm always scared I'll waken up hungry.'"

"Those were great days, but I didn't want to settle down in America for good. I came back after four years and started as a manager."

"I was broken-hearted when I had to pack it up in 1939, but the war had begun and I'd no choice."

"I went into the night club business and I did pretty well. I had some wonderful people working for me in cabaret. Sophie Tucker, Hermione Gingold. Real professionals. Unlike some others I won't mention."

"I was glad to get back to boxing. They're easier to handle. I know what I'm talking about. I've known 'em all. All the big names. Tunney, Dempsey, Sharkey, Baer, Camera, Sugar Robinson."

## Not so rich

"I think the greatest boxers I ever handled were Larry Gains and Jack McAvoy. Great boxers. And great gentlemen."

"No, there's no big scale corruption and bribery. I can't speak for America, but I'm pretty certain the graft is mainly confined to these movies."

"There isn't a great fortune to be made, either, as a promoter. Sure I've done all right. I'll never starve, but I'll never be as rich as these financiers like Charlie Clore."

"Another thing I'd like you to tell your readers is that I'm not one of these loud-mouthed promoters who always smokes cigars and rides around in big Cadillacs."

He stopped to light a cigar. He was winding down, nearing the peroration of an ex-pugilist.

"Look at me now. I lead a quiet life. Never go to night clubs. I'm not a flashy dresser. I get my suits in Savile Row, my shirts in Jermyn Street, and I have my shoes made in St James's. All very conservative."

"I don't look any more like a boxing promoter than that fellow over there. Do I?"

"You don't," I said.

"Who is he, anyway?"

I said I thought it was Charlie Clore.

It was.

## Among the guests

My invitation to the Sixth Annual Ladies Luncheon of the Varley Club of Great Britain states that the lady guests of honour will be—

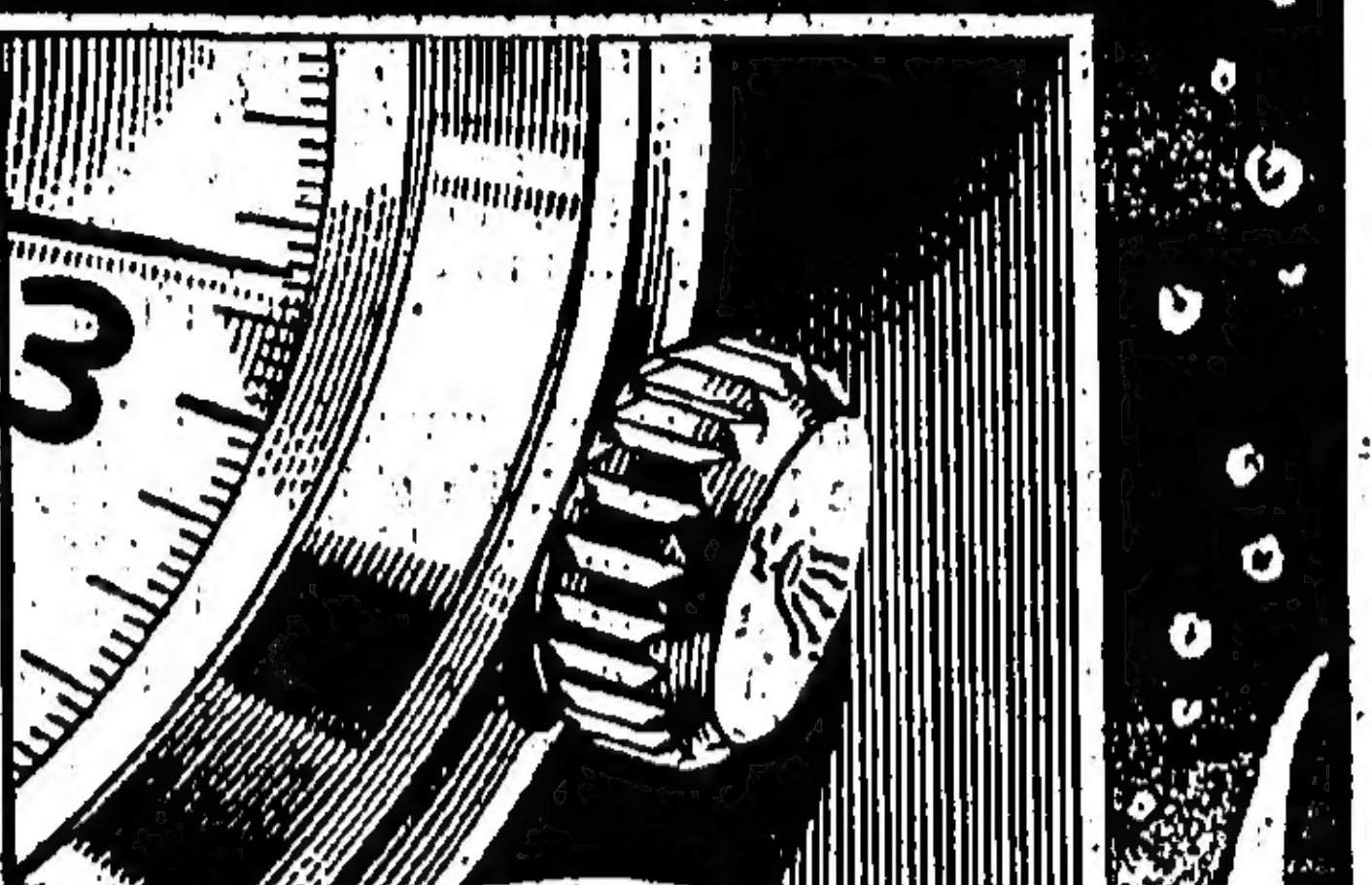
"Alida Markova, Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Beryl Grey, Mrs Freddie Bloom, Christina Foyle—and Laurence Harvey."

I am now told that Mr Harvey will not be able to attend.

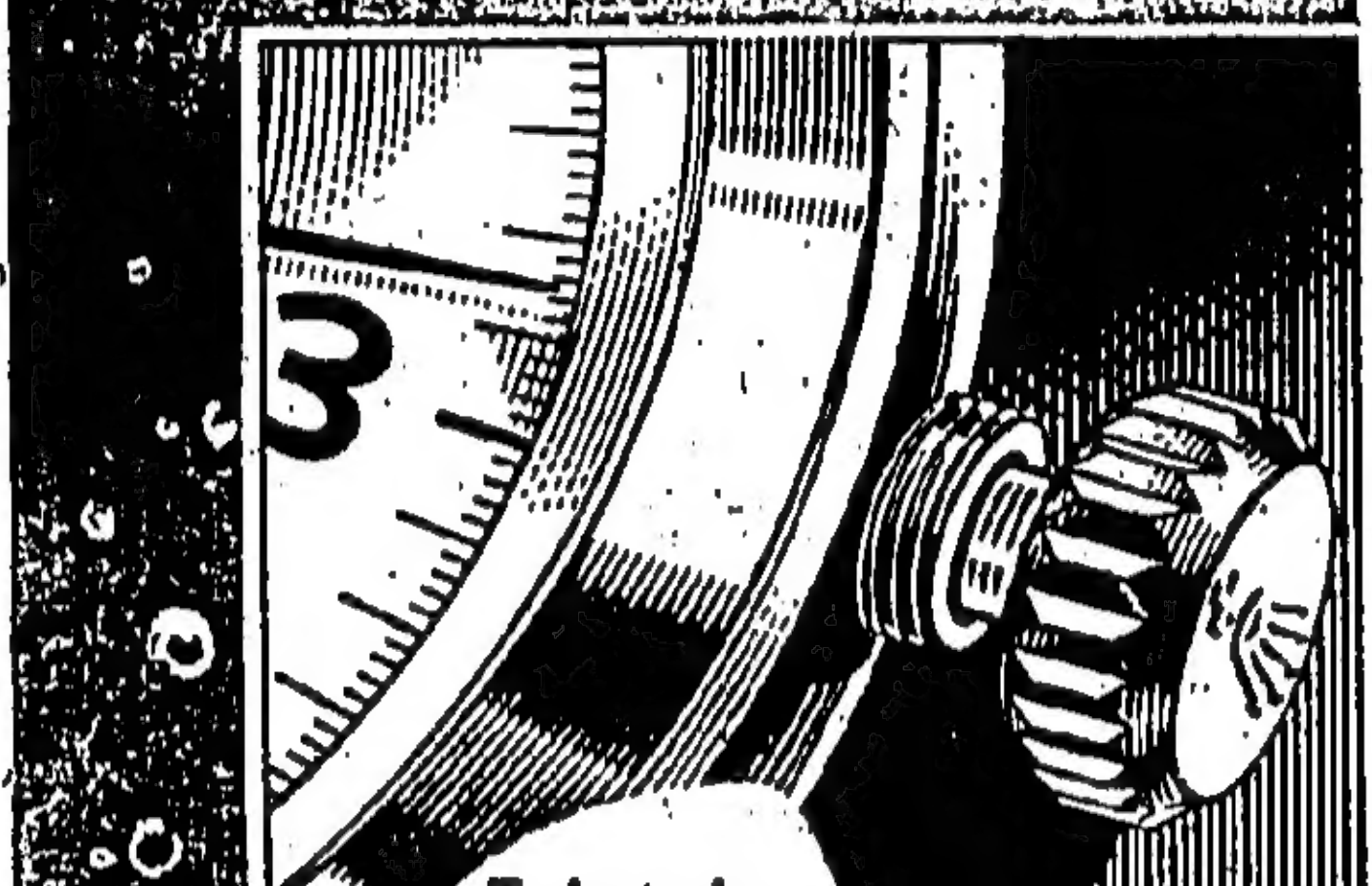
(London Express Service)

# 27 fathoms down

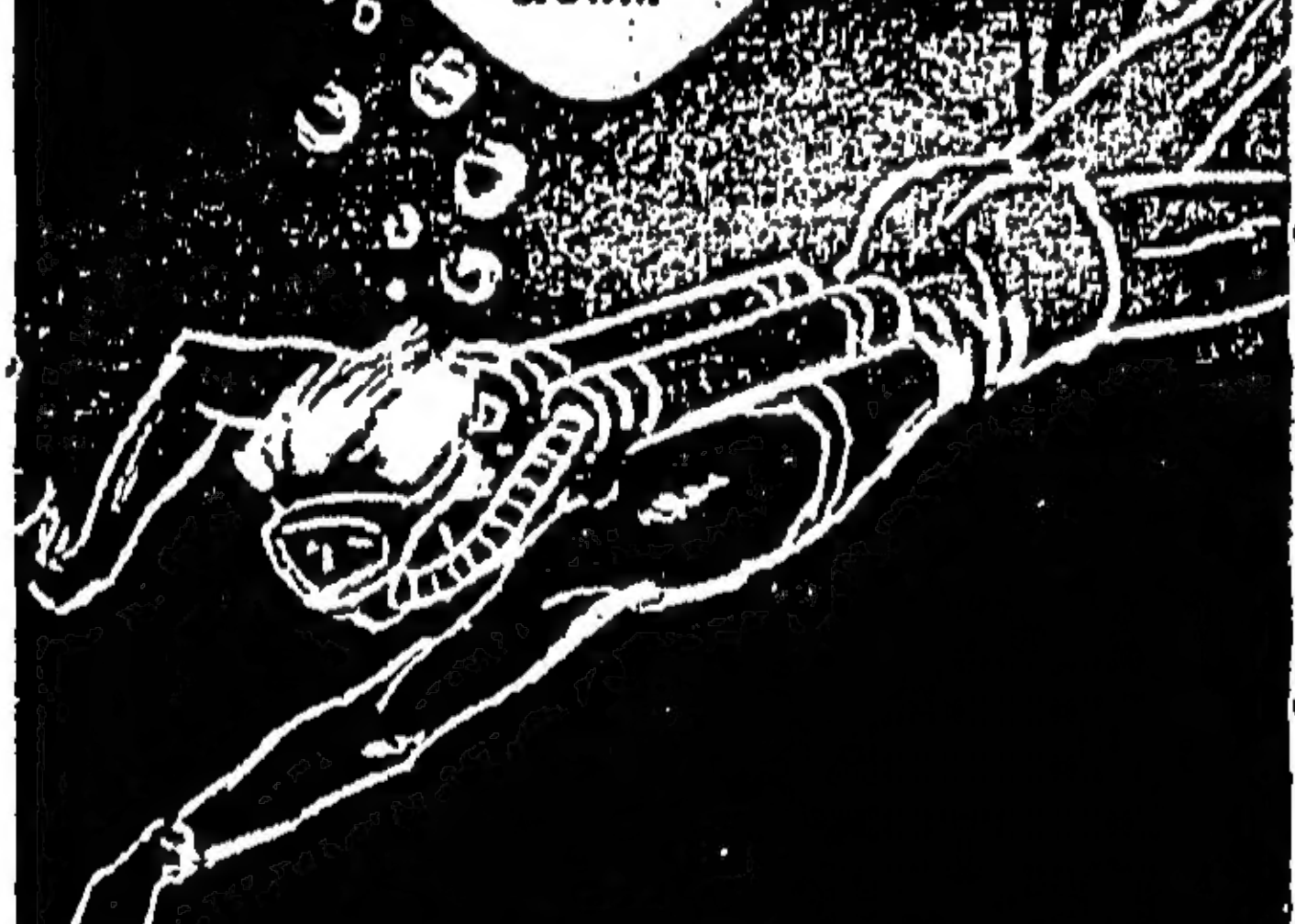
—and ROLEX Oyster still runs accurately as ever.



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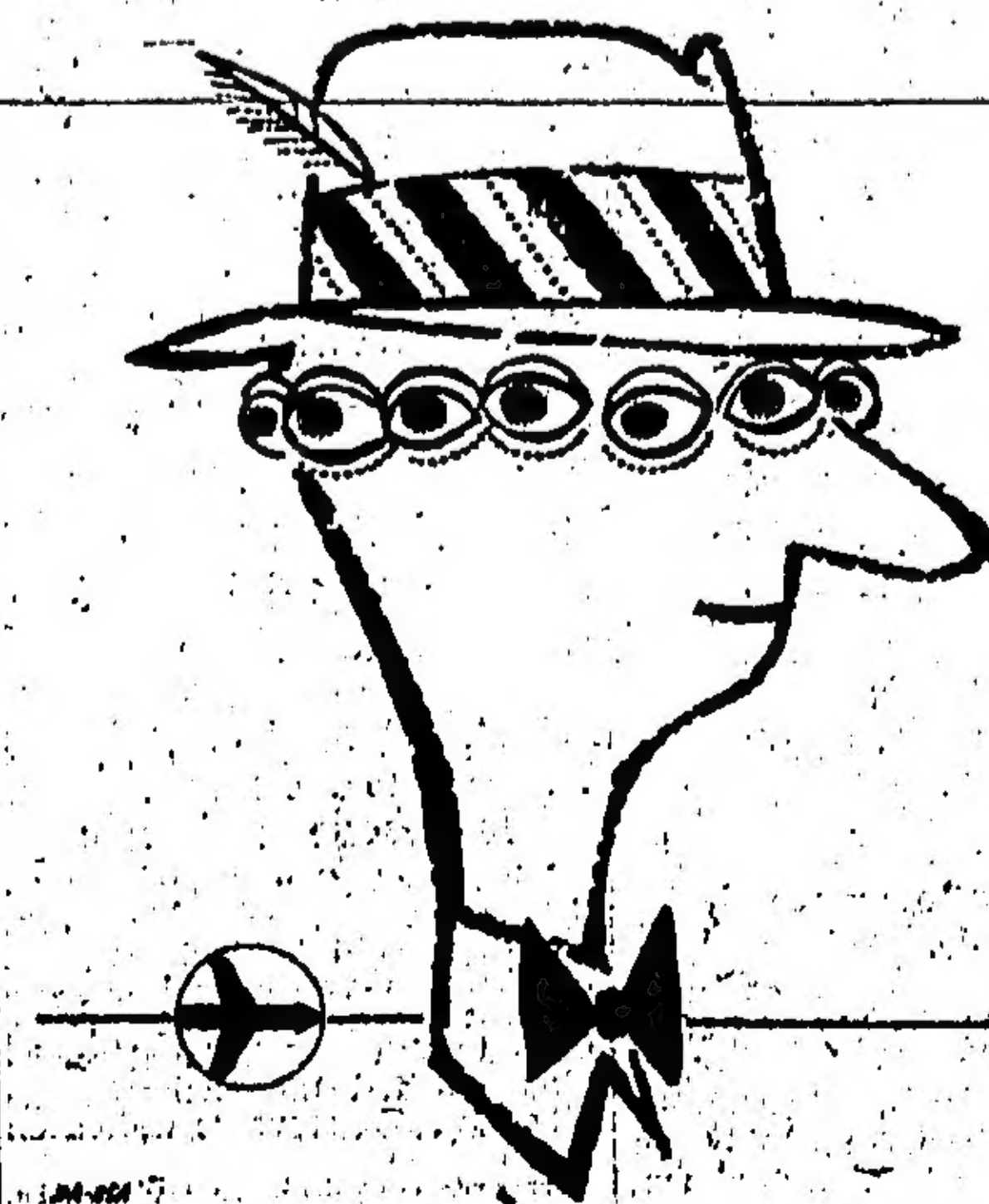
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# ROLEX

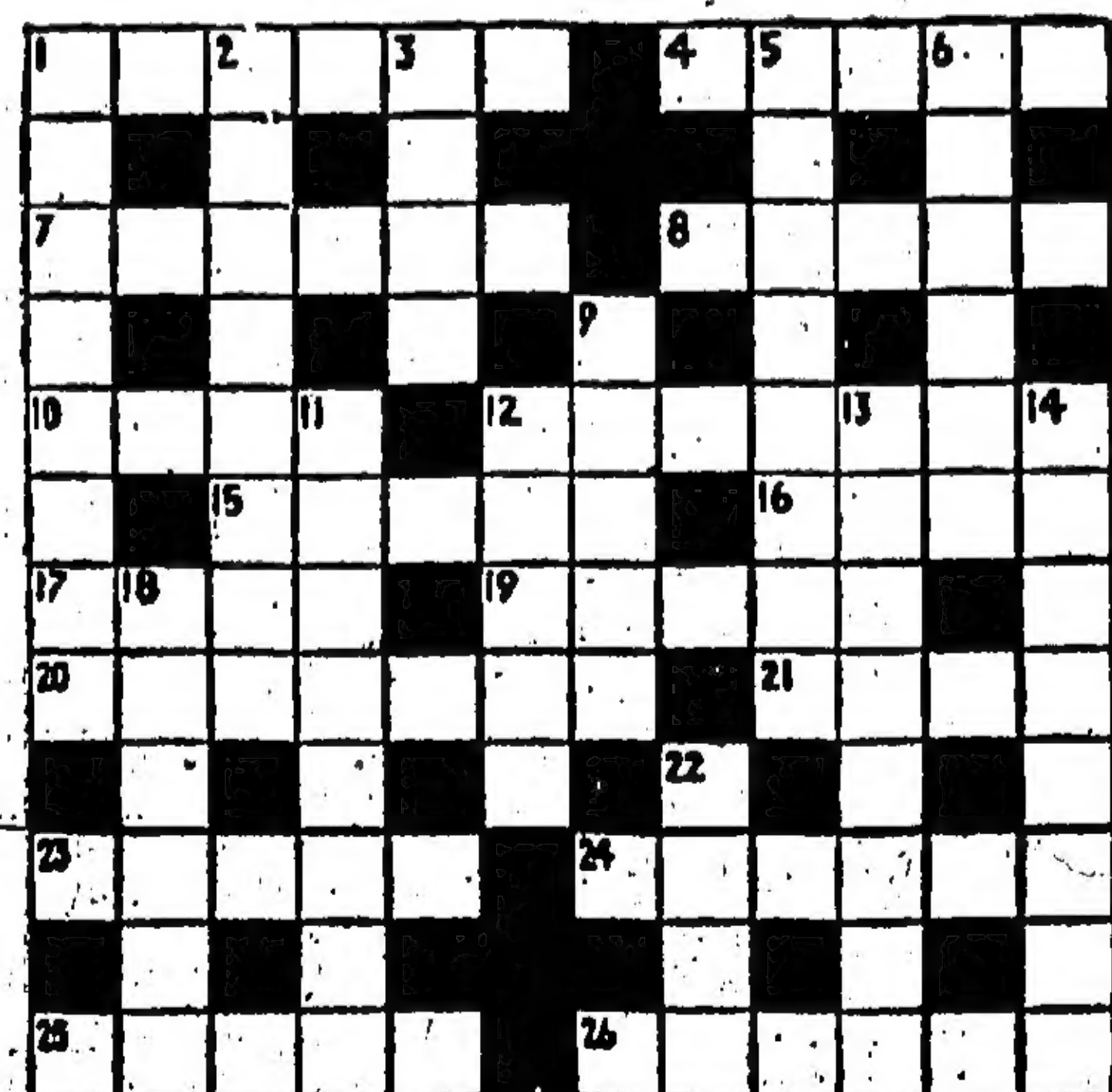
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## A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Din (8)
  - Military formation (8)
  - Threaten (8)
  - Banquet (8)
  - Imitates (4)
  - Lowered in value (7)
  - Submit to (6)
  - Woody (4)
  - Smooth (4)
  - Introduction (6)
  - Smish (7)
  - Certain (4)
  - Libble (8)
  - Put back for later trial (8)
  - Comrade (8)
- DOWN**
- Stormed (8)
  - Admits (8)
  - Engrave (4)
  - Causes to function (8)
  - Placeard (6)
  - Jovial (6)
  - Man on watch (8)
  - Headquarters of regiment (8)
  - Feign (8)
  - Protected (8)
  - Altered course (8)
  - Fruit (4)

**YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD:** Across: 1. Vagrants, 8. Repair, 9. Cinema, 11. Mistle, 12. Bole, 13. Drops, 18. Yield, 19. Eyed, 22. Pennants, 24. Prepared, 25. Reveal, 26. Torsion. Down: 1. Gains, 2. Spade, 3. Victory, 4. Arise, 5. Rifle, 6. Normal, 7. Sister, 10. Stage, 14. Elder, 15. Slender, 16. Despot, 17. Meteor, 20. Anger, 21. Psalm, 22. Papa, 23. Nero.



The most controversial sea drama of our time...

# Two floating hotels sweep on to disaster

Across the wide, calm ocean sailed the two luxury liners. For their officers and crews, with every modern aid to navigation at their disposal, all was routine. In the lounges, bars and cabins 1,600 passengers enjoyed the good life only to be found aboard a ship dedicated to pleasurable living. How could they know that Destiny was at the helm, inexorably guiding them on a Collision Course?

**CAPTAIN** Piero Calamai sensed fog in the air, and straightaway made for the bridge of his ship, the Italian luxury liner Andrea Doria. The captain, a tall, well-built man whose swarthy, suntanned face was dominated by an aquiline nose, was credited by his crew with a sixth sense by which he could smell fog on the horizon before it could become evident to the man on watch.

He always seemed to arrive on the bridge just before the lookout gave the news which would have brought him there anyway.

So it was on this sunny afternoon of July 25, 1959, when his ship, the finest in the Italian merchant navy, was nearing New York on the last stage of her Atlantic crossing, with 1,134 passengers aboard.

## Delicate

As he stood on one of the bridge wings of his ship, Calamai saw unmistakable signs of fog on the horizon ahead. And that at once posed a delicate problem.

Because of a storm two nights before, the Doria was about one hour behind schedule. Her engines, on full speed ahead, were pounding out their 35,000 horse power, pushing the vast ship, 607 feet long and 11 decks high, through the ocean at her full cruising speed of 22 knots.

Depending on the density of the fog, Captain Calamai knew that the law required him to slow down. He knew equally well that any reduction in speed would mean a further delay in arriving in New York, where he was due to bring the Doria into harbour at six o'clock the following morning.

Although the Italian Line, like all shipping companies, never instructs a captain to break the law to arrive on schedule, Captain Calamai knew, as do all captains, that



by **ALVIN MOSCOW**

The author spent two years on research to produce this report, which is both an authoritative documentary and a story of compelling human interest.

late arrivals cost both money and prestige. The law of navigation in fog is simple enough (except for those who have to apply it). Rule 16 of the Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea says:—

"Every vessel shall, in fog, mist, falling snow, heavy rainstorms or any other condition restricting visibility go at a moderate speed, having careful regard to the existing circumstances and conditions." The key words, "a moderate speed" have been interpreted in the courts to mean a speed at which a vessel can come to a dead stop in half the distance of the existing visibility.

## High stakes

But to apply that literally might mean lying hauled, a few hours steaming from port, for a month's time and losing money all the time and incurring the wrath of the owners and passengers. Anyone could take that safety-first course: it is the skillful captain who brings his ship into port safely and on time, voyage after voyage.

For Calamai the stakes both in money and prestige were especially high. The Andrea Doria, only three and a half

years old, was a show ship. To many she was the most beautiful ship afloat. Her owners, in having this ship built to mark the rebirth of the Italian merchant marine after the war, had been determined that she should be a symbol of Italy's matchless heritage of beauty, art, and design.

## Superlative

In size, her 29,000 tons did not compete with the giants of the British and American lines. But there was something special about her, something that marked the Andrea Doria apart among ships of the world. The Italian Line tried to express this uniqueness of her creation.

"For the period of her voyage a ship must be a whole way of life for her passengers. She must provide them with an experience that will somehow be different and better than a comparable experience they could have anywhere else. This experience must be one they will enjoy while they have it... and one they will never forget as long as they live."

"The Andrea Doria was designed as a living testament to the importance of beauty in the everyday world... Works of art were everywhere, particularly in the

public rooms, and there were 31 public rooms. Italian artists had created within the ship a small art world in murals and panels of rare woods, in ceramics, mirrors, mosaics, and crystals.

Four artist-designers had been commissioned each to design his idea of a superlative luxury suite consisting of a bedroom, sitting room, powder room, baggage-room, and bath.

The entire ship was air-conditioned. Each of the three classes had its own cinema theatre. Each had its own swimming-pool and surrounding recreational area. Each pool was in a country-club setting of lawns, sun umbrellas, pool bars, and white-waistcoated waiters.

That was the ship, under the command of Piero Calamai, a ship dedicated to good living. That was the ship which Calamai, a fine seaman liked by all his crew, brought into fog on that summer afternoon.

## They knew

At first the fog was light and patchy, but Captain Calamai sensed from his vast experience of this part of the Atlantic that the fog would grow thicker. He gave the order that fog precautions be taken, and his officers knew exactly what was expected.

Of the two radar sets on the bridge, the one to the right of the helm was switched on to the 20-mile range, and one of the two officers of the watch posted himself at the radar screen as a lookout for any ship or object within 20 miles of the Andrea Doria.

## CURIOUS CHARACTERS: No. 4

# The Earl's dogs wore boots

THERE was never anything quite like the 19th century Paris household of the Reverend Francis Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater—or, for that matter, anyone quite like the Earl.

Like many eccentrics, the Earl had plenty of money to indulge his whims. He had an army of servants and an enormous mansion.

When the Earl borrowed a book, he returned it with elaborate ceremony. The book was placed on a pile of purple cushions, carried to a special coach and driven by a liveried coachman to the lender.

**Human friends.** Dinners at the Earl's establishment were a fantastic affair. His dogs—and he had a great number of them—would be seated at a white-clothed table, draped with embroidered napkins and fed the choicest titbits. Liveried servants waited on them.

If any dog behaved violently or displayed undue greed, he

The ship's fog whistle, operated by compressed air, was flicked on and began to boom warnings at 100-second intervals through the fog.

The 12 watertight doors, inter-connecting the ship's 11 watertight compartments were closed by the control panel on the bridge. And the lookout was ordered down from the crow's-nest to stand his watch on the peak of the ship's bow. There, he was expected to sight anything ahead of the ship before it was seen by the lookouts and officers on the bridge.

## Reduced

Nor did Captain Calamai neglect to telephone down to the engine room. "We're in fog," was all he had to say. The engineers knew what to do.

There are two ways to reduce the speed of a ship. One could reduce the number of nozzles feeding steam from the boilers into the turbines. Or, one could reduce the steam pressure in the boilers.

The latter was the practice on the Andrea Doria. It was cheaper to reduce steam pressure and burn less fuel, although cutting steam pressure reduced the number of power and manoeuvrability of the ship in event of emergency, for it takes far longer to build up boiler pressure than to open closed turbine nozzles.

The engine telegraphs on the bridge and in the engine room remained at FULL SPEED AHEAD. The Doria was making 21.8 knots through the sea and fog instead of 22 knots.

Of the precautions taken and not taken, the passengers

Carsten lunged at the engine telegraph... the ships drew closer and closer.

generally were oblivious. The turn of weather sent those who had been lounging near the three swimming pools back into their cabins for the final day's packing.

The captain's farewell dinner and ball had been held the previous evening. No parties or formal dress were scheduled for the final night at sea. It was meant to be a quiet, relaxed evening for the passengers.

On the bridge of the ship all was quiet but not quite relaxed. The afternoon fog patches grew closer and thicker as the day wore on. Captain Calamai fully expected to spend the whole night on watch, guiding his beloved ship through the fog to New York.

Directly ahead beyond the fog lay the Nantucket Lightship, anchored 50 miles off the American coast, marking the gateway for Atlantic shipping to and from the United States. For inward-bound shipping it represented the first sighting of America and a sign that the last lap of the journey had begun.

## Departure

For another ship, a glistening all-white vessel which resembled a long sleek pleasure yacht more than a liner carrying 534 passengers on a Transatlantic schedule to Scandinavia, the Nantucket Lightship represented the point of departure from the United States.

This ship, the Swedish-American liner Stockholm, was heading due east towards the Nantucket Lightship as the Andrea Doria was approaching it from the opposite direction.

For the Stockholm, whose white was broken only by a single yellow funnel, mast, and kingposts, it was the first day out of New York.

## Unexcelled

The Swedish ship, just three inches short of 525 feet from her sharply raked bow to her round stern, had left her pier at Fifty-seventh Street in New York at 11:31 that morning. The day had been hot, muggy, and overcast in New York, and not much better out at sea. A haze blurred the rays of the summer sun, yet there was no fog as the Stockholm sailed away from New York.

The accommodation for her passengers could not match the luxury of the Andrea Doria. Her builders and designers concentrated on comfort. Her crew gave unexcelled service.

The Swedish Line accepted and received a full day of work from every member of the crew. The ships of the line were among the very few which assigned only one officer to each watch.

The book Collision Course, from which this series is adapted, will be published in Britain by Longmans.

While most ships assigned two officers to the bridge, so that one could remain lookout while the other tended to radar or navigational aids in the chartroom, the Stockholm's owners believed one hard-working officer could discharge the necessary duties with no undue strain.

So there was nothing unusual in the young third officer, Johan-Erik Carstens-Johansen, Carstens to his young fellow officers—taking sole responsibility for the watch from 8 p.m. to midnight.

## Confidence

Carstens was 26, a heavy-set, and handsome six-footer. His broad shoulders and barrel-shaped chest were offset by a boyish face with a rosy-pink hue, smooth texture and expression of youthful candour. His dark chestnut hair, wavy and long, came down in a sharp widow's peak to his broad, unwrinkled brow. He had the appearance of a man without a worry in the world.

The day of departure is always a long hard day for the officers of a passenger ship. Carstens, up since 6 a.m., had supervised the securing of passengers' cars aboard.

But now he felt cleansed of the city's humid mugginess. He had had a hearty dinner, followed by a steam bath and shower and an hour's rest in his cabin before coming up for duty.

Three seamen constituted his watch. They divided the four-hour watch into equal 80-minute periods, taking turns as helmsman, lookout in the crow's-nest, and stand-by lookout. A feeling of confidence and well-being pervaded the young officer as he went through his routine duties.

At about nine o'clock in the evening the Stockholm's master, Captain H. Gunnar Nordenson, came on the bridge for a look round.

Captain Nordenson, who had commanded a fine line or another very one of the Swedish-American Line ships, was a strict disciplinarian, who spared few words in casual conversation with either his officers or crew. Carstens, engrossed in his duties, was unaware of the captain's arrival until he noticed him pacing the starboard wing of the bridge.

## First trip

Nordenson, a man grown portly but not soft with age, walked with head down, back and forth along the narrow passageway on the aft part of the bridge wing. He responded to Carstens' greeting and then continued his pacing.

About ten o'clock, Captain Nordenson came into the wheelhouse and announced he was going down to his cabin and would be there if needed. He told the third officer, "Call me when you see Nantucket."

Neither man could remember the short, casual conversation afterwards. Whether the captain had said anything about the possibility of fog or not, neither man could recall.

But Carstens knew of Captain Nordenson's standing orders

that he was to be summoned at any time of day or night in the event of fog or any other potentially dangerous event.

As soon as the captain left, Carstens decided to determine the position of the ship. He switched on the radio beacon signal first from Nantucket Lightship and then the radio beacon from Block Island, which the Stockholm had passed three hours previously.

He drew lines on the chart to represent the Stockholm's bearings on these two points. When the lines intersected was the ship's position. And at 10:54 he found he was two and a half miles off the course set by the captain.

That was not much at that stage of the journey. Carstens decided to re-check the position in half an hour before taking any corrective action. He checked the tide tables, which convinced him the currents were pushing the Stockholm northwards.

At 10:50 Carstens made another similar check. The Stockholm was two and three-quarter miles off course.

Carstens walked back to the wheelhouse. "Steer 88," he told the helmsman, Johan-Erik Carstens-Johansen, named Peter Larssen took over the helm from Carstens. It was his first trip with the Stockholm, though he had had eight years sea training.

## Concerned

Carstens thought Larssen could steer the ship well enough when he kept his mind on the job. But the Danish seaman seemed to have an insatiable curiosity about what was going on about him, and he allowed his attention to wander from the compass he was supposed to watch.

Larssen, who was the Stockholm at times as young as three, and even four degrees to either side of the course.

Aware of this trait of his helmsman, Carstens sought to keep a tight rein upon him. Each time he walked through the wheelhouse, which was every three to five minutes, Carstens pointedly stopped to look at the compass by which Larssen was steering.

Carstens was still acutely concerned about the possible drifting of the Stockholm off course. He decided on a third check.

It was actually made at 10:40. If one computes the ship's speed and distance from the previous fix, but Carstens noted the time as 11 p.m. Why he did this he could never explain. This inaccuracy was to plague him in the months ahead, but he could not know this at the time. Nor could he foresee even 21 minutes into the future.

This time the check showed that, despite the corrective change of two degrees made at 10:30, the Stockholm was now three miles off course. The tide was causing her to drift further and further to the south.

Carstens strode back into the wheelhouse, and ordered another two degree turn. Larssen stared (Continued on Page 7)



DRAWING BY JOHN WOODLEY

## Could it be Roundworms?

Microscopic roundworm eggs are everywhere. In vegetables, fruit, water. Even in the best ordered families there is always the danger of infection. And children are most liable to attack. They don't realise the dangers in uncooked foods and contaminated water.

Happily, there's a simple, proved remedy

**'ANTEPAR'**



TRADE MARK

One dose of 'ANTEPAR' gets rid of roundworms in a day. Pleasant-tasting 'ANTEPAR' should be taken at bedtime. Then roundworms are expelled the next day—easily and naturally! 'ANTEPAR' is always quick, sure, safe. It causes no pain or sickness. Not even with small children.

Make 'ANTEPAR' a routine family habit. Give everyone one dose every three months. And be sure your family are always free from roundworms!

'ANTEPAR' the one-dose, one-day, roundworm remedy

Now costs less without duty.

JOHN D. HUTCHISON & CO. LTD. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.) UNION BUILDING, HONG KONG  
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BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. (The Wellcome Foundation Ltd.) LONDON



...now told in minute-by-minute detail

# Radar spots a ship near...why could he not see lights?

(Continued from Page 6)  
The wheel from 80 to 91 degrees.  
Carstens checked the radar scope.  
This time he saw the pip of a ship.

## Yellow dot

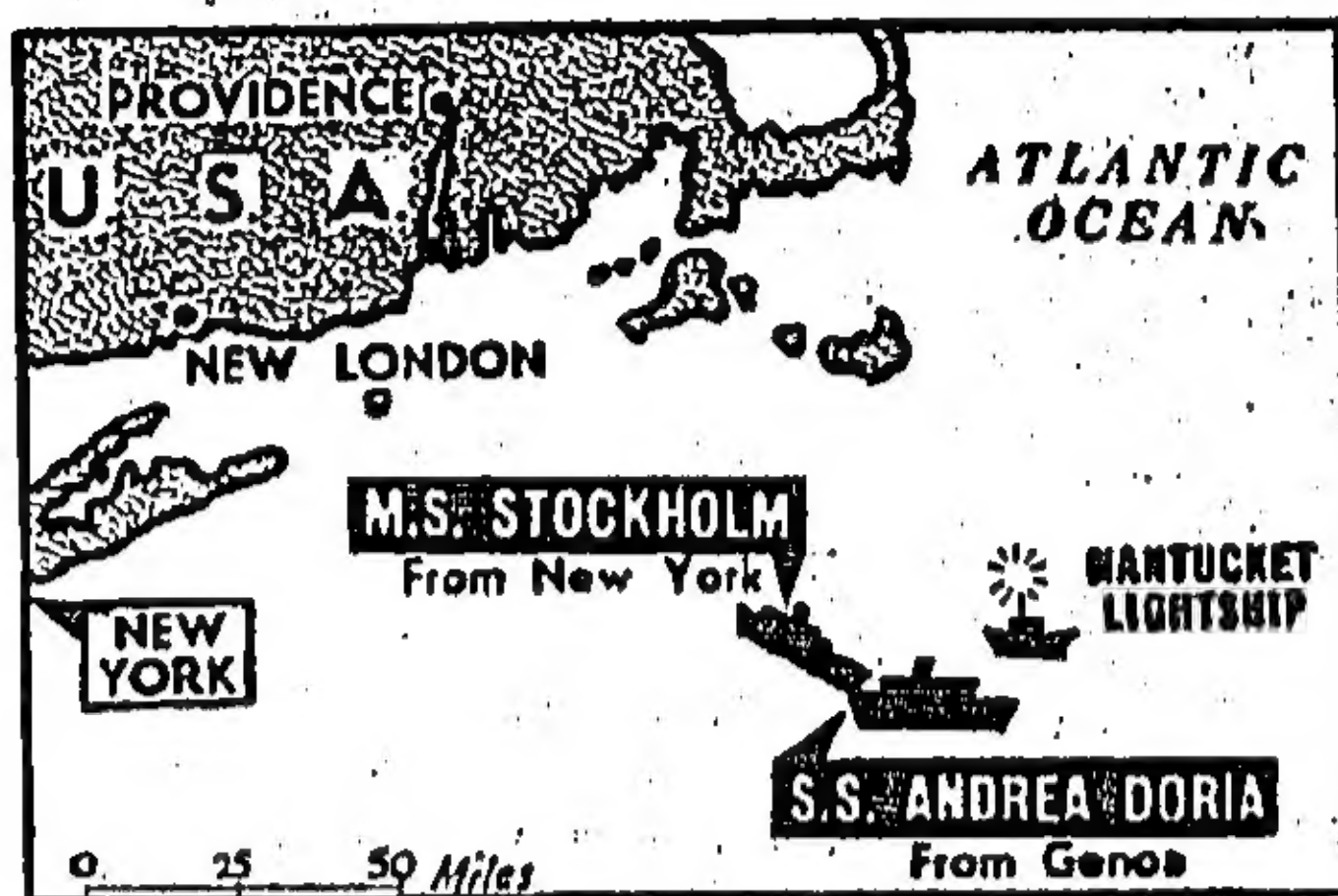
The pip was small and faint, a yellow dot appearing at a distance of 12 miles and just slightly off to the left of the Stockholm's heading flasher. Bending over the radar, with his eyes focused on the spot where he had seen the pip, Carstens tried to adjust the set for added brightness to bring the pip into better focus. But it remained dim and small.

The radar has a round television-like screen which is dark except for illuminated hands in the centre of the scope like the hands of a watch.

One hand always points upward to 12 o'clock. The other hand circles the screen about 12 times every minute. Any object struck by the radio signals emitted by the set appears on the screen when the moving hand reaches the appropriate bearing. Its distance away is indicated by its position in relation to a series of circles on the screen.

Carstens watched the pip of the other vessel until it reached 10 miles distance.

He checked its course by a series of observations and



decided the ship was coming towards the Stockholm. This was not unusual on the Stockholm's route from New York to Nantucket.

Carstens walked from the radar to one wing of the bridge, looked out to sea, walked back to the radar to check the pip of the other ship, and then went to the other bridge wing to scan the horizon. The night, it seemed to Carstens, had not changed. The moon shone overhead and the sea remained calm.

## Confident

Again he plotted the pip of the other ship with the help of the helmsman. It was six miles away and four degrees to port.

Again he looked out at the black night beyond the port bow of the Stockholm, expecting to see the other ship's masthead.

He had, of course, full confidence in his radar. Yet good seamanship, as Carstens had learned it in school, called for him to wait if possible until he visually sighted the lights of the other ship before taking action. And he expected to see the lights then or at any moment at about 20 degrees off his port bow.

## As usual

He had marked an X on the plotting board corresponding with the range of six miles and four degrees to port. Then he ruled a straight line between the X's nothing that it showed the bearing of the other ship was increasing and that the ship would pass—if neither one changed course—to the left of the Stockholm at a distance of between one-half and one mile. He decided he would have to turn to the right to increase the passing distance because Captain Nordensson's standing orders were never to allow another vessel to come within one mile of the Stockholm.

He expected to have plenty of time before the ships met to turn the Stockholm to the right and execute the usual port-to-port, or left-to-left, passing. This was in accordance with Rule 18 of the International Rules of the Road. When two power-driven vessels are meeting end on, or nearly end on, so as to involve risk of collision, each shall alter

her course to starboard, so each may pass on the port side of the other.

Having plotted the course of the other ship, Carstens walked to the starboard wing of the bridge, where he told lookout Bjorkman: "Keep a sharp lookout for a ship on the port!"

This was all routine. But as Carstens peered into the dark night, he began to wonder why he did not see the lights of the other ship. He saw the radar pip of the ship advance to within five miles of the Stockholm and still he could not sight the vessel.

When the oncoming ship was four miles away, Carstens turned the knob of the radar set to the close-up range of five miles. The pip became enlarged, telling the shape of a yellow beam on a black background.

## Full speed

Again he peered into the night and again he wondered why he did not see lights. No definite reason occurred to him. Not for a single moment did he think that there might be fog around the other ship. To him the night seemed clear enough.

He assumed visibility was as good for the other ship. It occurred to him that the lights of the other ship might be defective. That did happen sometimes.

For a fleeting moment Carstens thought of summoning the captain, but he dismissed that idea. He was sure he would see the other ship in a moment. Still the thought of fog or of a fog patch blacking out the lights of the oncoming ship did not occur to Carstens.

The bridge clock showed 11.08 p.m. The Stockholm was ploughing full speed ahead at more than 18 knots when Carstens went once again to look at the radar scope. The radar pip was still there, off to port, closing in on the Stockholm when Bjorkman sang out, "Lights to port!"

Carstens, standing at the corner of the radar set, looked through the square window to the left of the set, and there, where he had expected them to be, he saw the two white dots of the ship's lights. He could make out also a weak red light, the portside light of the other ship.

He looked down into the radar scope. The pip showed the ship to be about 1.5 or 1.6 miles away. It was just inside the two-mile ring of the radar scope.

Picking up binoculars from a ledge on the aft wall some 10 feet away, Carstens strode to the port wing of the bridge for a better look at the lights.

The forward light was a bit to the left of the aft light as he saw them, indicating that the ship was heading still further away from the Stockholm.

Now, certain in his mind of the position and course of the other ship, he decided he would increase the safety margin for the passing. "Starboard," he called out. Larsen turned the wheel steadily two complete turns to the right.

## Just routine

Carstens watched the Stockholm's bow swing away from the approaching vessel and called out "Amidships." Larsen turned the wheel back to its centre position. Meanwhile the bridge telephone rang.

Carstens watched the Stockholm straighten out on her new course. She had swung some 20 degrees to the right. Then he ordered "Steady so," and Larsen steadied the ship on her new course.

The orders had been given calmly in a voice hardly raised from a normal speaking tone. To Carstens, again, this was a routine manoeuvre. He no more suspected disaster within three minutes than does a sleeping man fear being struck by lightning.

He took one more look at the masthead lights of the unknown ship to the left, satisfied himself the ships would pass safely port-to-port, and then went to answer the telephone.

Turning his back on the approaching ship, he picked up the telephone "Bridge," he said.

"Lights 20 degrees to port," reported Bjorkman, now in the crew's nest.

"All right," said Carstens, and hung up. He stood with his left shoulder toward the

wall as he spoke, facing the helmsman. Johansson, replacing the phone in the crew's nest, looked out at the lights of the other ship.

In that instant he saw the position of the lights begin to change. He stared in disbelief as the forward light crossed under the aft light. The lights now, as he saw them, were in a switched position. The other ship was going to cross the bow of the Stockholm.

The young seaman reached for the telephone and stopped the motion. He didn't call the bridge again. His duty as lookout was to report the sighting of other vessels to the bridge. Now it was up to the bridge.

## Roared up

Lookout Bjorkman on the starboard wing of the bridge also saw the lights change. He started across the wheelhouse to tell the mate. But then he saw that the officer also had seen the lights.

Carstens, having walked back to the port wing, stood with his binoculars focused on the lights. He had stopped for a glance at the radar before returning to the port wing.

While on the telephone, he had not seen the other ship start her swing across the Stockholm's bow. The changed position of the radar pip had not re-

gistered in his mind. His glance at the ship through the windows of the Stockholm as he walked to the bridge wing also failed to alert him.

But when he reached the bridge wing, the situation roared up at him.

No longer was this the safe passing situation he had assumed. He saw the enormous broadside of a giant black ship, sparkling with lights like Copenhagen's Tivoli. The ship was heading across his bow.

Carstens lunged at the engine telegraph in front of him. Heaving his body over the telegraph station he gripped a handle in each of his huge hands and pulled the twin levers together to the upright STOP position and an instant later plunged them down to FULL SPEED ASTERN.

"Hard-a-starboard," he cried out to Larsen, as he cursed the unknown ship ahead of him. The engine telegraph clappers changed out their harsh brassy cry as Carstens moved the handles.

## Immediate

Larsen reacted immediately. As fast as he could reverse one hand over the other he swung the power-driven wheel to the right. It spun around once, twice, three, four and five turns and then it would go no further.

The Andrea Doria plunges to her watery death.



captain Nordensson below reacted immediately. Upon hearing the telegraph, cabin to the engine room moving inside his wall, he pushed his chair back from his desk, grabbed for his cap, and started off for the bridge. Fog he thought. The ship had come upon a sudden fog and Carstens had reversed the engines, the captain thought as he left his cabin.

On the bridge Carstens and the two seamen felt the ship shudder as the braking action began to take hold. But a ship does not screech to a stop like a car. They felt the braking, but they saw the Stockholm plunging ahead on her starboard turn still heading for the unknown ship.

## Alerted

Terror whined inside Peter Larsen, making his first voyage in the Stockholm, as he saw the enormous black hull of the unknown ship fill the square windows before his eyes.

One sharp thought cut through his mind. A shiny brass alarm button was not more than five feet away. He could, he thought wildly, dash from the wheel in an instant, push that button and alarm the entire ship of the catastrophe, which was seconds away.

He might save hundreds of lives. The passengers should have the chance of at least this warning. The thought raced through Larsen's head,

but he remained at the wheel, obeying his orders holding the rudder at hard right, watching disaster happen, and muttering to himself, "I'm a goner... this is the end for me."

One passenger at least, Dr. Horace Peck, a devoted amateur yachtsman who never failed to carry a compass in his pocket, had been alerted by the distant sound of a whistle signal from another ship. Without a moment's hesitation, he dropped the book he was reading, thrust his head through the open porthole of his cabin, and saw a ship, her lights aglow, speeding across the Stockholm's bow. "Brace yourself," he yelled to his wife, "we're going to crash!"

Up until the very last instant Carstens just did not believe the ships would collide. Somehow they would miss one another, his mind insisted. He gripped the engine telegraph on the port wing of the bridge and watched with horror the sight which afterwards he was never to drive from his mind for very long.

"The watertight door!" The thought screamed through Carstens' mind at the last moment. The watertight door, which would protect the Stockholm from possible sinking, were still open. And the two ships, floating luxury hotels, drew closer and closer together. —London Express Service.

## NEXT WEEK:

THE CRASH—as the Andrea Doria saw it.

## JACOBY on BRIDGE

ONE of the most effective ways to compete is to get into the bidding by means of the takeout double.

The stronger the takeout double the better the result should be, but sometimes a really light one works out beautifully.

West's double of one heart was of the light variety and when East chose to convert it into a penalty double by passing, West did not like it a bit.

Neither did North and South when the smoke of battle had cleared.

West's queen of diamonds lost to North's ace. East covered the ten of clubs with the queen, South won with the ace and led the

NORTH			
♠ 1082			
♥ 932			
♦ A93			
♣ 1043			
WEST			
♠ A954			
♥ J			
♦ QJ10			
♣ Q7652			
EAST			
♠ KQ8			
♥ A7864			
♦ 742			
♣ K8			
SOUTH (D)			
♠ 73			
♥ KQ108			
♦ A9			
♣ A9			
North and South vulnerable			
South West North East			
1 ♠ Double Pass Pass			
Pass			

Opening lead—♦ Q

nine spot back. West was not fooled. He rose with the queen and gave his partner a club ruff.

Now East led the king of spades. It held and he shifted to the seven of diamonds. South won with the king and exited with a diamond which was won by West's jack.

West's ace of spades and East's queen took the next two tricks and finally East led a small trump. South might have played a high trump, dropped West's jack and got out for down one but he could not see all the cards. He played the eight. West made his jack and South was down two tricks for a 500-point loss.

## CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been West North East South 1 ♠ Pass Pass INT. Pass 2 NT. Pass 3 NT. You, South, hold: ♠ K2 ♠ A9 ♠ K4 ♠ Q854. What do you do?

A—Pass or bid three no-trump depending on just how seriously your partner is likely to have taken your one no-trump bid.

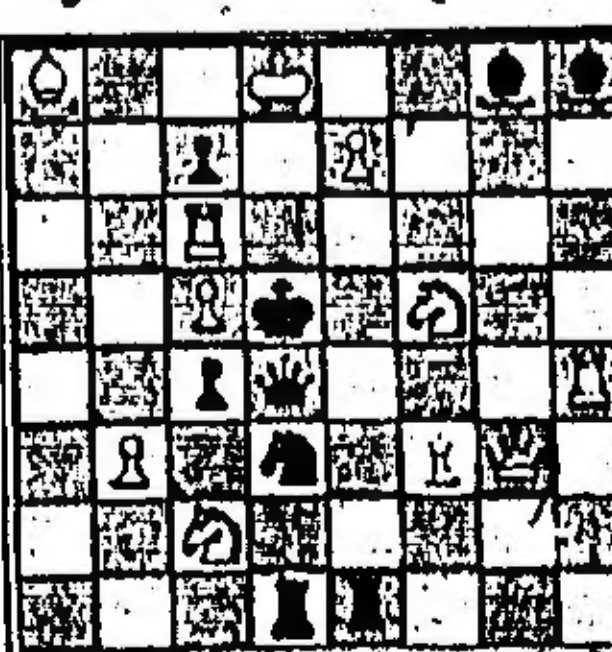
TODAY'S QUESTION

You hold the same hand. West has doubled your one no-trump and North and East have passed. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

## CHESS

by LEONARD GARDEN



Here is a problem by F. Mendes do Moraes (B.O.F. 1940). White to play and mate in two moves.  
Solution No. 689: 1. Q-K8 ch. 2. R-XQ. Kt-B7 ch. 3. K-Kt1. Kt-XR ch. 4. P-Kt1. P-XQ and mate.

London Express Service.

## TARGET

C	A	T
P	E	
E	N	U

How many four-letter words can you make from the letters C, A, T, P, E, E, N, U? The small squares in each of the four words must contain the large letters in the center. The words must be real words. (No proper names.) Today's words are: CAT, TUNE, ENUE, and CUTE. (CUTE is a very good word, excellent for a crossword puzzle.)

London Express Service.

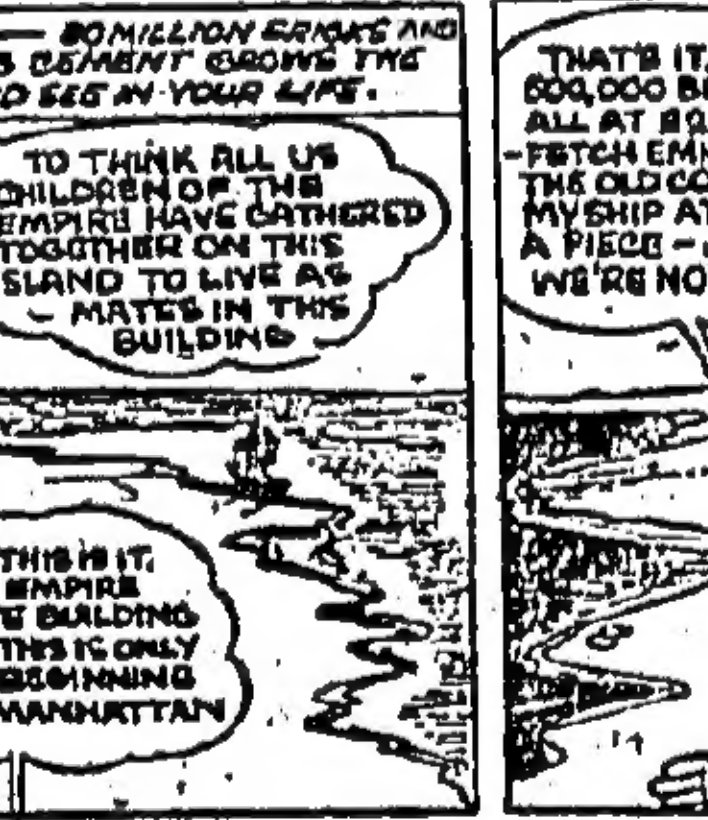
## FOUR D. JONES



## BRICK BRADFORD



## FERD'NAND



## by MADDOCKS



## THE FINEST BEER IN HONG KONG



## San Miguel

THE FINEST BEER IN HONG KONG

San Miguel

THE FINEST BEER IN HONG KONG

San Miguel

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THE FINEST BEER IN HONG KONG

San Miguel



# These Tremendous Years

**WILLIAM BARKLEY, Britain's liveliest reporter of politics in action, opens his personal notebook to take a no-secrets-barred look at this turbulent gallery**



CAN YOU SPOT ALL OF THESE? From left: Ramsey MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, David Lloyd George, Neville Chamberlain, Herbert Morrison, Arthur Greenwood, Sir Stafford Cripps, Ernest Bevin, Earl Attlee, Sir Winston Churchill, Hugh Gaitskell, Sir Anthony Eden, Selwyn Lloyd, R. A. Butler, Harold Macmillan.



REPORTER BARKLEY

THE CHINA MAIL presents *The Notebook of My Life* by William Barkley. By the whole of Fleet Street William Barkley is honoured as its liveliest Parliamentary Reporter. His 34 years in the House of Commons span the political upheavals of our age.

Now Barkley is allowing his kaleidoscopic mind to range over the people and the problems which have so sharply shaped British lives today. Appropriately he deals with the outstanding landmark in a crusade which he has always stood for.

## How I come to be writing this...

ALL THAT I remember of my infancy is a deep desire to be over and done with it. When the Sunday School class in Dunfermline sang "Childhood's years are passing o'er us" I had a second line of my own: "Not a day too soon for me."

Enough to say that I left school (Glasgow University) at the age of 25 and grew up suddenly one September morn in 1925 at the age of 27.

I was then the youngest recruit to the parliamentary reporting staff of the Glasgow Herald—in the Press Gallery for nine months at eight guineas a week.

Unknown, unknowing, one fortnight later I was the Parliamentary Reporter of the fabulous Daily Express.

**The courage of a bottle of wine...**

It has been an unbroken rule of my life never to ask anybody for a penny.

But in those distant days on Friday evenings when the House rose I took to haunting the corridor outside the Editor's room expecting him to dart out and say: "Barkley, just the man I was looking for to double your salary."

But it never happened.

**I resign**

At that time I was not averse to malt liquors, but made no use of the vintage.

I chose, however, one night to drink a bottle of cheap claret. Next day for full measure in a

rare fit of melancholy I went along to the Editor's office and resigned.

The result was quite unexpected. The Editor flew into a temper. He shouted: "You are the last young man in this office to hold a pistol to my head."

Nonplussed I said: "I don't understand." He retorted: "You know I am leaving for Canada tonight!"

I said: "I had not the slightest idea you were leaving for Canada tonight."

Editor: Will you take a rise of five guineas to stay?

Me: How was I to know you were leaving for Canada?

Editor: Will you stay for five guineas?

Me: Please forget it.

But I got the five guineas.

★ ★ ★

Much later I told this tale to Lord Beaverbrook.

Beaverbrook: Did you drink a bottle of red wine every night after that?

Me: No, sir, I never tried that trick again.

But, oh the folly if I had gone then! For it was 1929, the doors were opening, the sun was rising. Lord Beaverbrook was about to go on a crusade.

## THE GREAT CRUSADE

—and at what a pace even for a young man—

WHAT pertinacity! In every city and urban centre.

What devotion to a cause! What concentrated vim, vigour, and virility of purpose went into the Empire Crusade once the manifesto broke like an electric storm on politics that June in 1929. Its title: "Who is for the Empire?"

The trouble of our party politics is they are run too often by tame lobby-cats without burning zeal in one of them.

At first the Empire Crusade was confined to print—leading articles, special articles, messages to farmers and manufacturers, exhortations to Ministers.

But groups of enthusiasts were forming all over the country and their appeal to the prophet to come forth in person was ever stronger.

By the autumn of 1929 we find Lord Beaverbrook on his feet—in the House of Lords, at a farmers' club in Lewes, at Eastbourne.

"After I had advocated this project in the newspapers I was told I must go out into the country and speak about it."

"It's not politics, it's evangelism," was a remark often heard as the crowds broke away from contact with the little man with the big head, the stident voice, and the great big vision.

Then a plunge into by-elections. In July 1930 Beaverbrook went tramping down to North Norfolk to challenge the Socialists.

When peace descended at polling day his Tory candidate was beaten by 179 votes but much was won: a warning and a portent to party managers and a firm place in the affections of Norfolk farm-workers.

In October 1930 there followed a bolder venture. Beaverbrook championed his own candidate in South Farnham against the power of the Tory machine.

Night after night he argued, pleaded, bullied, wheedled, upbraided times.

People flocked from other parts of London to see the liveliest entertainment of the day.

Sometimes the candidate, who was Admiral Taylor, was almost forgotten. There stood Lord Beaverbrook ready to make a speech if you wanted, or answer questions, if preferred.

"Do you not think," he is asked, "that our traditional free trade reduces the cost of living?"

"No! I think it reduces the chance of living."

### Silent

A sign in the sky—the Tory is Defeated! The seat is won for Empire Free Trade. Immense rejoicings in the camp of the crusaders.

The election workers flocked in hundreds to Beaverbrook's town house of those days. They celebrated and junketed. But where was he?

I was told he was at his country house.

I hurried there expecting illuminations and bonfires. All was dark and silent. I was shown into the library where he sat alone, motionless. For an hour, a long embarrassing hour, not a word was said. Then he looked up and said: "It is a great victory."

For another half-hour, not a word. Then I took leave.

Never was a man so burned up with exhaustion for the moment. Next day all his menacing range of batteries was fully charged again as usual.

**Peace**

... but far from calm!

The Tory Party could not face this attack, at least not openly. A few months earlier Baldwin, their leader, had contemptuously dismissed the crusade, saying there would be no food tax imposed by him.

In a few weeks he was proposing that when elected he would hold a referendum on the subject.

But the defeat in South Farnham had shown that many people were urging Beaverbrook to break away and form his own Empire Party.

**Time-table**

The Tory office opened negotiations. Baldwin could not altogether eat his words.

And then, in correspondence published in March 1931, Neville Chamberlain informed Beaverbrook that Baldwin accepted duties on foreign food as one of the measures his Government would be ready to operate.

It was peace. But not calm. Beaverbrook the more passionately went around advocating his views.

The Socialist Government was now collapsing. Beaverbrook threw himself behind the National Government. In the General Election, which raged that October of 1931, and by its result altered the social system of a century.

Did ever man tear himself up like this?

Look at the time-table of Beaverbrook's meetings. Octo-

ber 13, Limehouse; 14, Camberwell; 15, Leighton Buzzard; 16, Glasgow; 17, Darwen; 18, Battersay; 20, Acton; 21, Birmingham; 22, Liverpool; 23, Manchester; 24, Fulham; 25, Camden Town and London Hippodrome; 26, Newquay (Cornwall).

He tore up railway schedules too. I remember the non-stop Royal Scot being stopped at Preston to tie on a sleeping coach on which Beaverbrook, a secretary, a valet, and I travelled on four Daily Express bulk travel vouchers.

The only thing I ever saw in all those towns was the various insides of: 1, on hotel; 2, a motor-car; 3, a hall; 4, a telephone booth; and 5, a chicken.

Beaverbrook subsisted entirely on cold roast chicken on these journeys and I concede I got fair shares.

### MONDAY

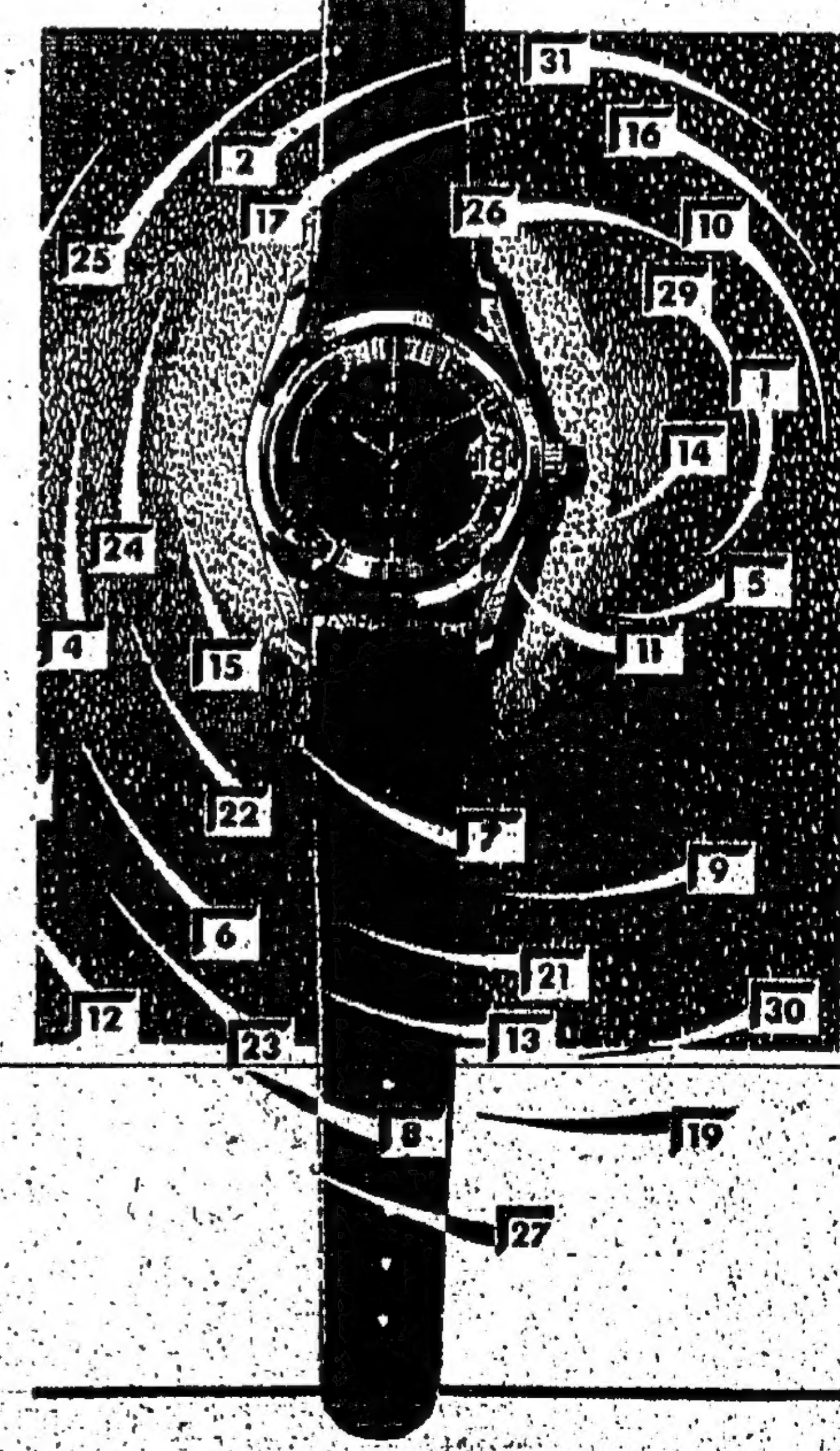
My eyes are your eyes

—(London Express Service).

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE UP-TO-DATE THE NEW

## POLEROUTER DATE

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In a fast moving world, losing track of the date happens to the best of us. The moment you own a POLEROUTER DATE you enter a new age, right up-to-the-minute, up-to-date!

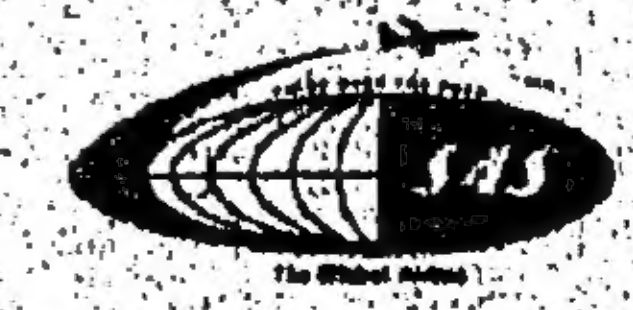
Powered by the compact MICROTOR automatic movement, it stores up to a 2-day power reserve.

Combining accurate time-keeping with automatic "calendar-on-the-dial" service, this rugged watch takes all the beating a busy day can bring.

It is a MUST for the man whose days matter, whose time is precious.

Available in 18 k. gold, goldshell 300 m. and stainless steel.

- automatic calendar
- world's slimmest automatic watch
- up to 2-day timekeeping reserve
- 28 jewels
- waterproof
- antimagnetic
- shock protected



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SINGAPORE HONG KONG

## This Funny World



"Miss Higgins, we're planning some modernising around here and we're going to start with you!"





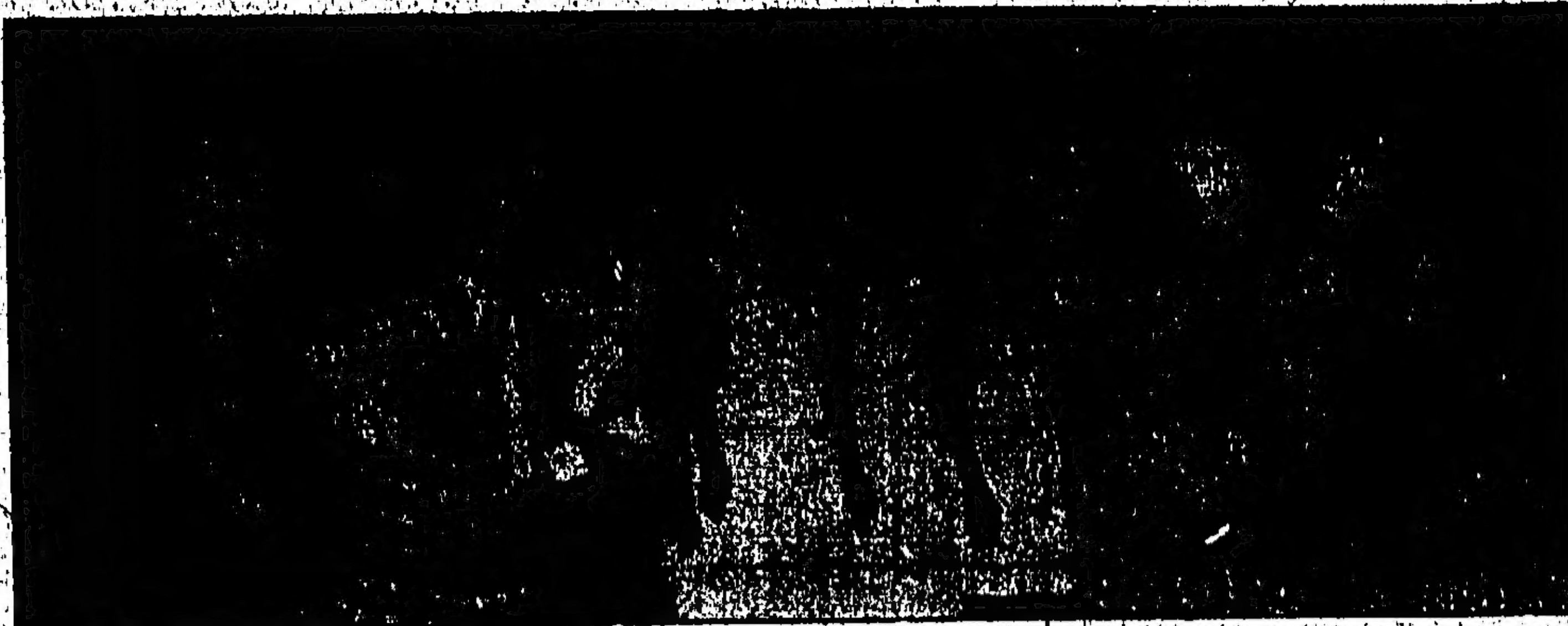




RIGHT: Youthful models pose for the China Mail photographer after a display of dresses made by girls of King George V School recently.

★

LEFT: Mr and Mrs Raymond Y. K. Kan after their wedding at Rosary Church on Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Gemma Mak-ling Lee.



LEFT: Dr. J. M. Mackenzie, Director of Medical and Health Services, addresses the gathering at the opening of the St Anne's Nursing Home at Hung Hom this week. Seated behind him are Mrs. Mackenzie and Dr. Raymond W. C. Mak.



RIGHT: At the Rotary Club West gold premiere held this week at the Roxy Theatre (l-r): Mrs. McDougall, Mr. J. C. McDougall (Secretary for Chinese Affairs), Mr. Henry W. H. To, and Mr. C. K. Ho.



ABOVE: Lt-Gen. Sir Edric Bastyan chats with a nurse at the counter of the new Garrison Clinic in Kowloon which was opened last week.

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ABOVE LEFT: Lt-Col. Parkhurst Claud Hough of the U.S. Army and Mrs. Hough after their marriage at the Registry recently. The bride is the former Miss Nancy Virginia Foreman.



ABOVE: The Swedish Ambassador to Japan, Mr. B. Gronwall (right) is seen on arrival at Kai Tak Airport last week. He was met by Mr. Li Kai-fung (centre).



RIGHT: Mr. R. S. Gunawardene (dark suit), Ceylon's Ambassador to the United States, left this week after a short stay in the Colony. He is seen here talking to Airport newsmen.

RIGHT: At the farewell party for Hongkong's political adviser, Mr. R. T. D. Ledward (l-r): Lieut-Gen. Sir Edric Bastyan, Mr. Shum Wai-yau, Mr and Mrs Ledward, Mr C. M. MacLachlan (new political adviser).

LEFT: Sir Robert Black (right) congratulates Surgeon Commander R. H. Cowling, RN, after presenting him with a badge of Auxiliary of St John during the annual meeting of the St John Ambulance Association last week.



ABOVE: Two pretty Indian film stars on a visit to Hongkong: Miss Shyama (left) and Mrs. Nirupa Roy.

BELOW: Vivacious film star Ting Lan—Hongkong's Hokkien "Marilyn Monroe"—returned from an extended tour of Singapore and Malaya recently.



ABOVE: It's a close race as these two colourful boats flash towards the finish during one of the many events held on the Dragon Boat Festival celebrated all over Hongkong this week. This race was held at the Chung Sing Pavilion.

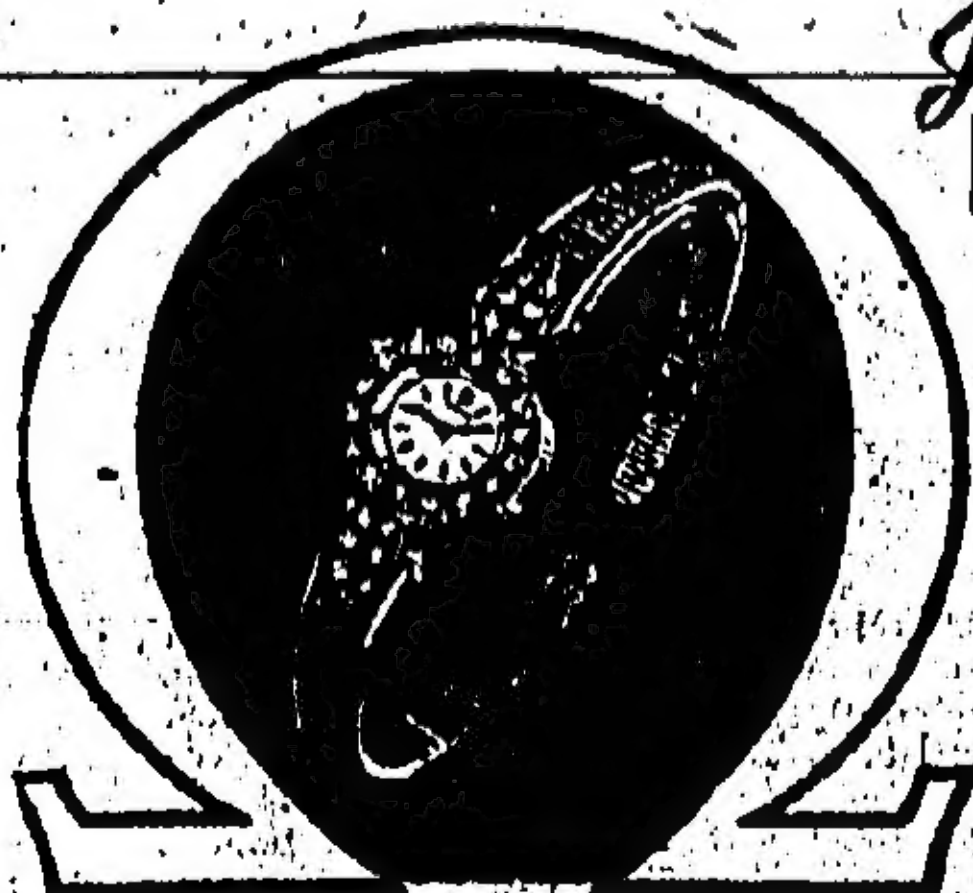
RIGHT: Mr. Birt Hope (left) presents a trophy to a student during the St Francis Xavier College sports meet last Saturday.

BELOW: Dr. C. C. Yung (left) and five other faculty members of Hongkong Baptist College seen presenting a \$12,000 cheque to Dr. Lam Chi-fung, the College president. The sum was raised by the faculty for the College new building fund.



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1 1/2 and 2 H.P. Models Available

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LEFT: The first school children to arrive here from Britain by Comet jetliner are seen here with their parents, Professor and Mrs. S. Mackey. Left to right, they are Michael, John, Mrs. Mackey, Anthony, and Prof. Mackey.

RIGHT: Rudolf Firkušný plays to a large audience at the Loke Yew Hall of the University of Hong Kong. The concert by the famous pianist was highly successful.



LEFT: The victorious St. George's School swimming team who beat King George V School by 18 points recently in an inter-school swimming contest held at Gun Club Barracks pool.

BELOW: The Arts Association of the University of Hong Kong held a farewell party for graduating members recently. Seen at the function is Professor D. Drake (second from right), Dean of the Arts Faculty.

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Roderick John Frampton shortly after their wedding at the Registry recently. The bride is the former Miss Shirin Master.



RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Rene Girard, who were married at the Kowloon Union Church recently. The bride is the former Miss Agnes Krumscheld of Zurich.



LEFT: Mr George Ho, managing director of Hongkong's new commercial radio station to be opened in August, points out one feature of the station's services during a press conference held recently. On the left is Mr T. P. Kwong.

BELOW LEFT: Sir Robert Black chats with a young inmate of the Maryknoll Sisters' Welfare Centre during his visit there this week.



ABOVE: Mr Herbert Lee, Chinese-American Senator from Hawaii, arrived here recently with his wife and family for a five-day visit. The purpose of his trip, he said, was to "show something of the Orient and China" to his sons, Herbert Jr. (left) and Gordon.



LEFT: Mr F. A. de M. Ribeiro, acting Consul-General for Portugal, greets Sir Robert Black, the Governor, during the Portuguese National Day cocktail reception held at the Club Lusitano this week.

BELOW: The gathering at the annual general meeting of the American Women's Association held this week at the American Club.

*By Popular Demand*

America's own singing star of Stage T.V. & Radio

**Returns to THE GOLDEN PHOENIX**

with **FIERY SPANISH DANCERS**

**LOS VASQUEZ**

**THE GOLDEN PHOENIX**

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*Every House... Needs Westinghouse*

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## PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN FRENCH



**FASHION PAGE**  
keeps prices low  
and spirits high

## De-luxe deception!



London Express Service.

**NOT** so very long ago, the look of luxe went solely with a pretty big bank balance. The silver-spoon girl knew the cash cachet of cashmere, she knew pearls were too pricy for most people. She looked expensive. She undoubtedly was. But now it takes a very smart spotter to tell a price tag, for the best-dressed girls scoop up inexpensive, off-the-peg dresses—wear them with the flair of the couture class. To look like a golden-girl at a wage-pocket price, gilt-edged investments are:—

**THE PALE, PALE COLOURS**—with the expense account air. The newest drip-dry-ables, the latest techniques, have changed them into a practical proposition.

**THE GLINT OF GOLD**—in believable quantities. And the frankly-fake is out.

**THE ASCOT HAT**—with a shady lady allure. Think of a shape that suits, then double its size.

**THE FLUTTER OF PLEATS**—with a delicate air. Long loved in top fashion, they're now long-lived in new uncrushables.

**THE SPECIAL OCCASION GLOVE**—looking all "handle-with-care." Perfectionists pick short chalk white washable kid.

**THE TOUCH OF SILK**—still expensive, but now down from a once-in-a-lifetime pedestal. Value for money for the kind of clothes you'll wear next year, and the next...

**1 THE LOOK** in a finely pleated shirt-waister, in palest cream-in-your-coffee beige. Tricot, it drip-dries overnight. LOUIS CARING.

**2 THE LOOK** in family-fervor-size earrings of gold and topaz (or silver and crystal). ADRIEN MANN. More glitter, the knick-knacker size topaz set in a gold surround, which adjusts to fit any hand. E. NAGEL.

**3 THE LOOK** in a big occasion hat of multi-colored straw, garlanded with stiff black veiling, a black velvet bow. OREZELLE. With it, white cape-

this gloves. 1948.

**4 THE LOOK** in a brushed Orion cardigan—light and white as a fluffy springing. KRAMER.

**5 THE LOOK** in a pure silk shirt-waister printed with burgundy blue flowers (subdued bougainvillee). CHANELLE.

**6 THE LOOK** in white rose-scattered fine ballade for a long nightdress. JONELLE.

**7 THE LOOK** in a hand-woven wild silk blouse, minutely pin-tucked and lined with a rouletted. LONDON PRIDE.



## DOES YOUR CHILD SLEEP PEACEFULLY?



Children whose mothers use Shelltox to keep the home free of disease carrying pests, enjoy the finest protection that modern science has provided for their benefit.

Shelltox is not just a knock-down insecticide that kills and then evaporates; its effectiveness remains potent long after spraying.

**Shelltox**  
with Chlorfen



YOU CAN BE SURE OF  
SHELL INSECTICIDES



## YOUR BIRTHDAY....By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 13

**BORN** today, the stars have given you a variety of talents and it is up to you to select the one you most wish to develop. You have fluency in the written as well as the spoken word. The beauty of poetry and music inspire you and it is likely that you have considerable facility in this area of artistic expression. You are also a fine conversationalist and can also lecture with charm and wit.

You have a warm personality with an innate shyness that makes it difficult for you to push yourself forward. You believe that the rewards of good work are always forthcoming and you are willing to wait until you reach your ultimate goal. If you were to become a little more "pushy"...

Since you are rather psychic and often have strong premonitions, you are deeply interested in the whole problem of extraneous perception and may, at some period in your life, make a serious study of the subject. You are affectionate and home loving. Consequently, you should find your golden years, for you will enjoy having your family huddle around you. Select someone whose culture and background is superior to your own and there can be a lifetime of happiness ahead.

Among those born on this date are: Adolph Menéndez, violinist and composer; Bruno Frank, author and poet; William Butler Yeats, Irish poet and dramatist; George Frederic Root, composer; Mark Van Doren, poet and critic.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Join close friends and relatives in a family gathering. Maybe there's something to celebrate.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—An active day when all your major interests should be shared. Make a positive attitude toward life.

**CANCER** (June 21-July 21)—Your day! Take positive action in a definite direction. Want a new job? Go out after it.

**LEO** (July 22-Aug. 22)—Show appreciation of the close friends who are at your side and always helpful.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Take a big step forward. You can advance your interests by acting positively now.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)—An active, exciting day when things are really happening. You can get about what you want.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 23-Nov. 21)—Personal opportunities for some business and social contacts.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Don't waste a moment of this beautiful day. Devote it to your family and friends.

MONDAY, JUNE 15

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—An active day when all your major interests should be shared. Make a positive attitude toward life.

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## DANISH FIRST COLLECTION

By Muriel Penn

**A** YOUNG Dane, 27-year-old Jørgen Langberg, is at present showing his first collection in London.

Trained at the St. Martin's School of Art in London, the alma mater of many of Britain's leading young artists in many spheres, Mr. Langberg has also studied in Paris with Madame Cassandre, who trained the late Christian Dior and other Paris couturiers, including Pierre Balmain and Lucien Lelong, and worked for a time in Paris with couturier Jean Dessès.

Now he has returned to London to design for the Worth wholesale section which supplies, under the Couture name, models designed and made in Worth's own workrooms.

In his current collection, Mr. Langberg has used some English style and organic and almost all British woollen fabrics. But his silks, especially printed silks, are mostly continental. Asked what he thought of the way the average English woman dresses, compared with say, the average Parisienne, he told me emphatically that British women have much more natural elegance than their French sisters.

**ENGLISH ELEGANCE**  
They may be somewhat conservative in their attitude to fashion, he explained, "and I have to adopt fairly new lines just because they are new. But they have an innate elegance and an admirable sense of simple, smart lines of dress."

## MUSCOVITE SUIT

His collection includes several semi-fitted 3-piece suits—one in oriental red wool with bell-shaped skirt and beaver lamb collar is called "Muscovite" and at least one dress and jacket ensemble with the new, and interestingly popular, seven-eighths-length jacket.

Most of his top coats are belted, and some have the ubiquitous fox-trimmed collar. Colours are autumn browns and greens, with some muted blues and, of course, black.

Striking among a group of cocktail dresses is one in jet black Lyons velvet embroidered with organic designs, and with matching organza stole. The dress has a white, ruffled collar and a white, ruffled waistband. The skirt is a simple, straight skirt of black velvet.



# Roderick Mann

SHOW BUSINESS  
IN AMERICA



## JOANNA THINKS IT OVER

The girl on the beach—apart from being lovely to look at and delightful to know—is also so rich she rustles. Her name is Joanna McCormack, she's 24, and she has succeeded actress Gaby Parker as America's highest-paid model—making as much as \$250 a week. Now (how did you guess?) Hollywood is after her. Trailing her \$2,500 a minute, she says: "I won't say Yes unless I think I can make a success of it." She will, the pundits prophesy.



"Wyer didn't care a damn about my money"

## My million-dollar feud—by Peck

IT would be unthinkable to leave the colourful Hollywood scene without reporting on one of its more enlivening aspects: the Feud.

For feuds are as much a part of Hollywood as pith-dark bars, over-exposed starlets, intoxicated actors, and Cadillac convertibles.

### FOR YEARS

So much so that columnist Walter Winchell devotes space each week to listing the names of those who should never be invited to the same parties. This section of his column, I am told, is devoured avidly by all hostesses anxious to avoid bloodshed on their white wall-to-wall carpeting.

Not having Edna Romney to consult, some of the feuds go on

for years—like the bitter one between Olivia de Havilland and her sister Joan Fontaine. Others, like the recent one between Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr., last only for a month or so.

The latest pair to reach for each others' throats are Mr. Gregory Peck, the distinguished actor, and Mr. Wyler, the distinguished director.

There is a good feud, a 100-octane, 18-carat feud, laced with hate and almost certainly permanent. For money is involved.

Because these two were once the best of friends, I took the trouble to look into this particular battle before departing.

Mr. Wyler, when questioned, was not to be drawn.

"I will only say," he said, "that I wouldn't direct Peck again for a million dollars." (As

almost anyone out here will do anything for a million dollars, this is being more beastly than you might at first suppose.) Mr. Peck, whom I visited in his large Beverly Hills home, was more communicative.

Wearing a shirt, sandals and a tiny pair of blue-striped shorts, he received me courteously, mixed me a drink at his private bar and talked about the row.

"I've been in this business for sixteen years," he said, "and I've made 28 pictures—so I know something about it. Most of the bigger stars are now going into production themselves—the Revolt of the Robots, they call it here—and it is because of this that I had my row with Wyler."

He leaned his fine brown frame against the side of the bar and looked at me.

"We were making *The Big Country* together," he said. "I was one of the stars—and co-producer. Wyler was the director, and also had an interest in the film."

### 'MY MONEY'

"Well, soon after we'd started it became quite apparent that he just wasn't caring a damn about the money. As co-producer I cared an awful lot—some of it was my money."

"We had violent arguments every night. I would worry myself sick over the budget at night, and during the day try as an actor to respond to Wyler's direction."

"It was an impossible situation. Long before the film was finished we'd stopped talking to each other altogether."

He gazed moodily through the wide windows to the garden sloping away behind the house. Wyler threw more than a million dollars away on *The Big Country* by shooting hundreds of thousands of feet of unnecessary film," he said.

"In the end we cut 55 minutes out of the film—55 minutes—and it was still half an hour too long. I tell you, that film was a nightmare experience for me. And a costly one. And that's why Mr. Wyler and I are no longer friends."

FOOTNOTE: When I told Mr. Peck I was leaving Hollywood the next day he said: "I'm coming to Europe soon. I like it there. California is only wonderful if you're an orange."

### EASY STYLE

I drove out at night to Universal Studios to see a private run-through of Cary Grant's new comedy *Operation Petticoat*—in which he stars with Tony Curtis.

"That boy," Grant said, before leaving for Europe, "is going to prove a really fine light comedian. I like his easy style."

Mr. Curtis, I report, returns the compliment. He has been worshipped Grant for years, studied his voice and mannerisms to a degree where he can do an extraordinary take-off of Grant—as in *Some Like It Hot*.

Curtis—who is now much sought-after in Hollywood—

says: "You learn more by watching a professional like Cary Grant drinking a cup of tea than by spending six months with the Method boys." Having watched the shambles of performances given on Broadway by Method advocates Rod Steiger in *Rashomon* and Kim Stanley in *A Touch of the Poet*, I couldn't agree more.

### Thoughts to bring back on the plane

MIJANOU BABDOT—sister of Brigitte—writing in a Hollywood paper: Brigitte is still the same friendly girl. When she comes home to us she always kisses everybody—mama, papa, me, the maid, the dog, the milkman...

DORIS DAY—talking about watching her own pictures— "Have you ever torn up a snapshot of yourself? You didn't like? Well—imagine watching yourself up on a screen, and wanting to do exactly the same thing..."

A VOICE from a darkened corner of the Polo Lounge in my hotel: "I'm divorcing him because he's so terribly changeable. A month ago I adored him. Now I can't stand the sight of him..."

—London Express Service.

## LIMELIGHT

### You can't afford to be a mouse in a rat race

by THOMAS  
WISEMAN

HE said: "I'll talk to Mombasa in the steam-room." Secretaries parted like the Red Sea.

We plunged into the carpet at the deep end, descended the grand staircase (you do not just go down a staircase like that), and Irving Allen, who is a film mogul come what may, said: "Somebody sends me a literary script you know what I do with it? I throw it in the wastepaper basket, that's what I do with it."

On the next floor a secretary said breathlessly: "Mr. Frankovich is calling you, Mr. Allen."

"Put him in the steam-room," said Allen. We continued relentlessly downwards, past innumerable oil paintings of posing horses until we came to the miniature Turkish bath in the basement of the mansion in South Audley Street, the headquarters of Warwick Films.

### No danger

"This I wanted you to see," said the only mogul who can claim to have sweated-out the crisis in the film business in his private Turkish bath. Reclining on the massage couch, he spoke to his partner, Cubby Broccoli, in Mombasa, and then to Mr. Frankovich.

A couple of years ago it was rumoured that his company Warwick, was going out of business after losing a lot of money on two films, *Fire Down Below* and *High Flight*.

But Allen survived—which in the film business is the supreme achievement.

Today he has a film shooting in Africa (Adamson of Africa) another just out (Idle on

Parade) and a \$2,000,000 Viking saga, *The Long Ships*, ready for production in Yugoslavia.

There is no immediate danger that the steam will be cut off in the steam-room.

As one of the survivors, Allen is qualified to talk about what it takes to survive in show business.

"This is a vicious dog eats dog business and don't let anyone tell you different," he assured me later in his office, which is the size of a ballroom and contains two globes once the property of Captain Cook.

These Allen likes to spin as he estimates the grosses of the films all round the world.

There are three telephones on his desk which is the size of a swimming pool and there are pictures of horses all round the walls and leather-bound books on horse-breeding in the bookshelves.

### No messages

Allen said, in a voice that is not exactly a grate or a growl, but could not be described as caressing either, "I make films to appeal to the lowest common denominator. That's why I'm still in business while the scruffy boys are not."

"I don't want to make art and I don't want to make pictures that make money."

This philosophy is not easily novel to the film business; that

Allen is the only man I have met who states it so unequivocally and without the suspicion of a blush.

"Sure," he said. "I'd love to have the critics write glowing reviews about my pictures. I'm human I like praise—but I don't want it at the price of nobody going to see my pictures."

"See what happens when you try and get artistic. I employed one of those genius boys to direct *Fire Down Below*. It cost us \$800,000 and though we had Mitchell and Hayworth in it, we'll lose a million bucks on it."

"We got away from our action formula and I made the mistake of letting my genius boy get out of line. I can't afford to do that. We've got big overheads."

With a staff of 20—which includes a company secretary who used to be at the Bank of England—round the clock chauffeurs, a private cinema done up in red leather and a Turkish bath to maintain Mr. Allen's overheads are considerable.

"This is a rat race," he said, "and you can't afford to be a mouse in a rat race, so I have to be tough. You can't be on top without everybody taking a swipe at you, and trying to shove you down, and if I'm not tough, boy, I'm going to have my brains beat out."

"You never can relax, you never can drop your guard because if you do, what you get hit."

A story is told which may or may not be true of how Irving Allen became a producer.

He went to RKO and said: "I've bought a book called *The Red Beret* which I want to film. Will you finance me?" They read the book and said they would finance him if he could sign up a big star for the main part.

### Boy genius

He then went to Alan Ladd and said: "I've bought a book called *The Red Beret* and I've got a deal with RKO. Will you star in the film?" And Alan Ladd said yes; it he had the book and a deal he was prepared to make the film.

Whereupon so the story goes Mr. Allen acquired the film rights of the book, which he had bought a few days earlier for 12s. 6d. at a bookstall.

"When I went to sign my 1,000,000-dollar contract at RKO," said Allen, "I wore a 200-dollar suit, a 40-dollar shirt, a 50-dollar hat, and an 800-dollar watch and I had exactly 20 cents in my pocket. I had to walk to the studio because I didn't have the bus fare."

"The art of surviving in this business is never to let on whether you've got 50 million bucks or 50 cents. With me nobody could ever tell. I always lived the same however much I had."

"Of course, the trouble with this business is that people tend to believe it."

"I can't make a cheap picture," said Allen. "An actor comes into my office, he looks around and immediately doubles his price. It's a vicious circle. What can I do?"

"If I say I can't afford that sort of money the word would go around and that can ruin you. So I have to pay up and smile."

"Money doesn't mean anything to me. It's just that you've got to have it—so I've got to go on making films that make big money. That's my only consideration."

If you ask him would he go and see his own films from choice, he replies, "No I wouldn't. I've got more taste than that. Does Barbara Hutton buy her jewellery at Woolworth's? Listen, I love artistic things—used to be a boy genius myself—I even got myself an Oscar."

It stands resplendent on the mantle, glowing a little, one cannot help feeling, in the Library of Congress today and they had articles about it in the *Highbrow* magazine saying it was a genius. But when I tried to get a job nobody wanted to know.

Unsurprisingly, Allen prefers to be in the position of handing out jobs—which he does on a lavish scale paying a young scriptwriter £300 a week and a publicity man £75 a week. "To be able to do that you've got to appeal to the masses," he said. "It's no use making intelligent films. There aren't enough intelligent people to fill the cinemas."

### Classical

In pursuance of this conviction Allen has just made a film about a rock 'n' roll singer, *Idle on Parade*, though in his own four-storey house in Regent's Park (with a television set on each floor) the music you will hear is Sibelius, Brahms, Beethoven, not Presley.

He has a box at the Royal Festival Hall, goes regularly to the Old Vic, and paintings by Renoir, Degas and Utrillo hang on his walls.

His sons have a French governess and attend the Elysee Française because, as his father believes in bilingualism, then up bilingual.

Allen, who believes in the lowest common denominator, is himself a Bachelor of Arts and was once intended for a diplomatic career.

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# PICK OF THE NEW POPS

By JOHN LAMBERT

● **PAT BOONE**: "For a Penny" (London). Standard. Boone has a ballad with, for him, the biggest selling potential in a long time. Reasons: It has a really strong beat to back-up the sentiment; Boone gets a better sense of feeling into the lyrics.

● **MAURICE CHEVALIER**: "Today" (M.G.M.). L.P. Chevalier shows that he does not need to rely on nostalgia for "warmth or wit. This is a vintage talent that stays fresher than ever. The songs, too, are indicative of an artist who does not settle for second best.

● **MUCHO ROCK**: Rene Bloch and his Orchestra (H.M.V.). L.P. The charms of the chacha are winning. But the Latin beat gets a lift from these big band arrangements with a rock flavour.

● **RUBY MURRAY**: "Goodbye, Jimmy, Goodbye" (Columbia). L.P. A plaintive ballad that could put a needed push into the declining disc career of Miss Murray. The sad, but haunting lyric is just her style.

● **KALIN TWINS**: "Cool" (Brunswick). Standard. The Kalin twins hit the top a year ago, then hit the bottom. They could find the return route with this really catchy rock number.

● **SALLIE BLAIR**: "Squeeze Me" (Parlophone). L.P. Miss

Blair is a new name with the old, smouldering style of Lena Horne to her voice. But she has a dash of individuality, too, and the distinctive.

## TOP POPS

by PETER EVANS

● **GEORGE SHEARING**: "Bartered Bride" (Capitol). L.P. Here is a new Shearing sound, blending the distinctive style of the Battersea-born pianist with a big brass-powered orchestra. A pleasantly relaxed study in sophisticated rhythm.

● **ROSEMARY JUNE**: "Eye Standard" (I Used to Love You But It's All Over Now). Miss June, who made her name and hit the one-lane jackpot with "Apple Blossom Time," seems to have found the vital follow-up hit which could keep her in the Hit Parade. A sentimental reflection with the familiar "Apple Blossom" beat.

● **GILF RICHARDS**: "Gilt" (Columbia). L.P. The grueling test of talent—the L.P. Here teenage rock 'n' roller Richards takes his first plunge into the demanding big-time of a long-playing disc. And very nearly drowns. The voice that gets by in small standard doses is revealed in all its brutal limitation.

(London Express Service).

# A QUICK LOOK ROUND

● **TWO STUDIES IN CRIME**: Result bridges. Hutchinson. 21s. The conviction of William Herbert Wallace (sentenced to death in 1931 for the murder of his wife) was quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal. Most recent commentators hold that the jury was right, and that Wallace was the murderer.

Mrs Bridges, who shares this belief, asks: "Why was Julia Wallace killed?" With her usual publicity and persuasiveness, she makes out a case for a psychopathic love-hate relationship which may be the clue. But more valuable than her theory is the admirable way she handles the facts.

## No doubts

She prefaces the story with the tale of another, less well-known artist, the great muralist in 1840 of Lord William Russell by his valet, Francois Benjamin Couvrouler. There is no doubt in this case about the convicted man's guilt. The connection between the two crimes lies in the strong probability that both murderers were naked when they struck the fatal blows.

● **AND PROMENADE HOME**: Agnes de Mille. Hamish Hamill. 25s. Equally talented as choreographer and autobiographer Miss de Mille, in her second volume, tells the backstage story of her successful years, from Oklahoma on.

(London Express Service).

# A HARD LOOK AT AN ECCENTRIC

THE CASE OF SALVADOR DALLI, by Fleur Cowles (Hutchinson, 22s.).

SOME say that Salvador Dali keeps his skewerish moustache-antennae erect with Hungarian wax sold in the Faubourg St Honore, Paris, others that it is done with honey, or brilliantine and white-of-egg.

Dali does not mind what people say, so long as they talk about his moustache.

Some, taking Dali the Surrealist painter at his own value, pay him £23,000 to £15,000 a canvas. Others find his work glossy, slick. Some are repelled by its traumatic implications, others are fascinated.

So long as they argue Dali is satisfied.

## Soft carpets

All this, they say, has boosted his sales until he and his wife Gala can live like reigning monarchs of Dali's native Costa Brava and spend five months every year in one of New York's softest-carpeted hotels. Whatever we think of the fellow, he is one of the living

curiosities of our age. His success is a symptom of the hunger for colour of the world's "international set" which provides his patrons and friends.

In this handsome, and in no sense cheap, book, a member of that "set," Fleur Cowles, undertakes a thorough portrait clinical in places of the Catalan eccentric. Former associate editor of Look, now wife of Mr Tom Meyer, of the London Times-imperting family, Miss Cowles was nominated by Mr Eisenhower to represent him at the Coronation. She is a friend of the Windsors, the Shah, Danny Kaye, and others.

As Dali, who is 55, grows plumper, his eyes become less soulful while, he claims, his work improves.

Neither he nor his enigmatic Russian-born wife forgets how, when she left her first husband another Surrealist, Paul Eluard, they struggled to live in Paris.

Dali, says Miss Cowles, is still madly enamoured of the "now" stylish Gala. He once said, in his broken English: "Every good painter... must... marry my wife."

He still paints her in every kind of pose and costume, as well as with lamb chops on her shoulder, blueberries in her hair, skeletal rocks for her pillow.

The book abounds with Dalmatian pronouncements like: "My favourite perfume? Essence of Dali." "The cauliflower is the base of all art." "I

hate simplicity in all its forms." "The populace—big, the aristocracy—MAGNIFICENT, the middle-class—middle."

## His dreams

Without giving her own opinions on his painting, Miss Cowles discusses Dali's purpose, to prove that dreams are the real world.

In paint certain fetishes rule his dreams. For example, he likes ripe and runny Camembert. It reminds him of the "soft watches" he has so often painted. Other fetishes here, listed with their supposed Freudian associations are—

Shoes: crutches; teeth: flies (Dali claims he keeps a private pack of them); rhinoceros horns; sea urchins (his favourite food); gooseflesh; moustaches, of course; and stairs.

In his violent youth Dali yielded occasionally to a craving to fling himself downstairs, a relishing the resulting bruises. All in all a book that entertains and observes without preaching, sneering, or praising.

## POETRY AND PUNCH

COAST TO COAST, Australia stories chosen by Dal Stevens (Angus and Robertson, 12s.).

WHILE English and American writers seem to become more mannered and inhibited, the Australians are concentrating on describing with "poetry and punch," as Mr Stevens claims for this fine collection, the amazingly varied settings and populace of their virile land.

Here we meet a girl who, asked if she is Indian or Pakistani, says: "I am Australian. I will wear a dress like the other girls. I will be the same."

A talking rat gives expert evidence to a coroner and is paid with half a pound of cheese.

Munyarra, an aborigine, travels 1300 miles from his home between the Timor Sea and the Gulf of Carpentaria to the Gulf of Carpentaria to the Gulf of Carpentaria to the Gulf of Carpentaria.

In the steam and stench of a Greek restaurant the Australian-Greek family strains to provide those mighty platters of Greek meat and eggs, those buckets of chips.

# CHINA MAIL BOOK REVIEWS by George Millar



Next door the icon stands above its red lamp. Strong, new people. Strong willing.

## SHARK PRACTICE...

SHARK ATTACK, by V. M. Coppleson (Angus and Robertson, 12s.).

MR COPPLESON, a Sydney surgeon, has made a survey of all shark attacks on men since 1919. He describes many of them in all their horror, and draws his conclusions. They do not occur in cold waters. Although there have been isolated attacks in the Mediterranean—my wife and I nearly witnessed one at Malta a few years ago, and a girl was carried off once from near our anchorage at Corfu—they have been frequent mainly on the east coasts of Australia and the United States, and on the Natal coast.

From his patterns and charts Dr Coppleson believes that attacks are made by rare rogue sharks, that shouting under water does not scare sharks, and that they attack coloured people as readily as whites.

## His charts

But why do sharks kill 20 men for every one woman?

## MODEST DAGGER-MAN

KNIGHTS OF THE FLOATING SILK, by George Langelaan (Hutchinson, 21s.).

GEORGE LANGELAAN is "English by birth, schooling tradition," but "Parisian at heart," and bilingual.

He was a natural for the Field Security Police at the outbreak of the last war. One of the last away from Dunkirk, he volunteered for facial surgery so that he might return to France as a British agent.

His ears were remodelled, his chin was rounded out with bone taken from his thigh. It hurt. But no false heroics from Mr Langelaan. At first he refused to be parachuted. Then, after thorough training, he conquered his fear and was dropped near Lyons. Right well

he did his job, I happen to know, having been in the same outfit.

At last the Vichy police caught him. He crawled from Perigueux prison and across the Pyrenees.

After that, with his remodelled features on the Gestapo files, he had to be used elsewhere. He served in the invasion of North Africa and the liberation of France.

I vouch for the authenticity, as well as the engaging and unusual modesty, of this cloak-and-dagger book. Mr Langelaan is both loyal and discreet. He uses material that might serve for a dozen more phoney war books.

A LOOK AT SOME OF THE OTHERS

● **THE NILI SPIES**, by Anita Enzie (Hosarth, 25s.). The Aaronson family, Rumanian Jews, settled in Palestine, then part of the Ottoman Empire, and during the First World War spied for the British and died for them. A remarkable story about remarkable people.

● **THE CENTRE OF THE GREEN**, by John Bowen (Faber, 15s.). A middle-class pair in Devon have trouble with their two sons. A topical, even typical family. Sharp glances at contemporary England. An amusing and well-written novel.

● **TRIALS OF A TRAVEL COURIER**, by William Honey (Robert Hale, 18s.). A story about coach touring on the Continent, something that, like holiday camps, has always fascinated me because I have not tried it. An agreeable read. Maps would help.

● **BABY FACE**, by Dale G. Gray (Arthur Barker, 12s. 6d.). Baby Face is a murderer and a sadist, and he is extremely vivid and convincing. But the other people are lifeless by comparison, which is a pity.

● **DARK PILGRIM**, by Franz Venter (Collins, 15s.). A thoroughly good novel from South Africa. It keeps moving and takes no sides. Excellent dialogue.

(London Express Service).

**JACKY'S DIARY**  
BY JACKY MENDELSON  
AGE 3 1/2

Yesterday Daddy & Me went to a big Department Store to buy a Present for Mommy.

**BIG DEPARTMENT STORE**

It's called a Department Store because if your conduct isn't good they send you home.

Inside they got a Elevator Driver whose a real Show-Off. He kept on bragging About ALL the Presents they got.

3rd Floor. Toasters, knives, Silverware & stuff.

But it was lots more fun riding on the Escalator. Which is like a Machine that Lets you run up-stairs without moving any of your feet.

No feet.

First we went over to where they was selling some lady's under-where. Only we didn't get any.

Then we went to a counter who sold Perfume. (which is the stuff ladies put on to make them SMELL GOOD)

But the Price cost too much Money, so we didn't buy any of that ether.

So instead we got Her A Bathrobe, which is good to wear in case you gotta take a Bath. That way you don't get so wet.

Going out was lots of fun as we went through A Revolver Door. They call it that cause if you get it spinning good & fast, it shoots you out in the street.

QUEE!

This Morning we gave Mommy the Bathrobe, only it's way too big on her. But I guess she'll grow into it like I do.

5-10

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Don't ever try & walk DOWN A Escalator when the steps are walking UP-stairs, cause you'll never get there.

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# Weekend League Lawn Bowls The 'Davids' Face The Giants Today

## TAIKOO HAVE BEST CHANCE TO BRING OFF UPSET WIN

Weather permitting, today's lawn bowls league games will provide some grand opportunities for the "Davids" of the various divisions of the competition to indulge in some giant-killing acts, as in most of the games they will be pitted against the top teams.



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In the first division, Tarkoo Club seem to have the best prospects of making a big "kill" when they take on Indian Recreation Club "A" at Sookunpoo.

The Indians are still smarting under their 4-1 away defeat by Craigengower last Saturday, while Tarkoo are now on the upward trend after their fine display against Kowloon Dock last week when they narrowly lost by a 3-2 margin.

The Sookunpoo bowlers are yet to be beaten on their home green having won all their four matches played there, and will undoubtedly start their match this afternoon with the tremendous advantage of playing at home.

The dockmen, however, showed last Saturday that playing away mattered little to them, as long as the green is on the fast side. In this respect the IRC should suit them, and if they can master its trickiness early enough in the game, they should be able to give the Indians a good run for all their worth.

### Aggressive Play

The Tarkoo No. 1's and No. 2's are fully capable of holding their own against their opposite numbers, and their hopes of a victory will rest mainly on the ability of the Tarkoo No. 3's and especially the "skip" to put in their full share of good work.

The dockmen may probably find that aggressive play will stand them in better stead than attempts to draw accurately to the jack. Four teams have found out that they cannot outdraw the Indians on their home green. Tarkoo "B", who will take on Craigengower on their fast home green at King's Park, are another team fully capable of bringing off an upset victory over their more favoured opponents. Last Saturday they did it against Kowloon Bowling Green Club and if they can reproduce their best form, a very close finish should be seen with either side capable of winning by a 4-1 margin.

By ROBERT TAY

Craigengower, though an extremely hard team to beat on their home green, have still to show that they can play as well on an away venue. In their two away matches so far, they lost to Recreation and Kowloon Dock, both by 4-1 margins.

### Fighting Spirit

Another lowly-placed first division team, who, I believe will acquit themselves well today are the Filipino Club. Last week, in their match against IRC "B", their fine fighting spirit was very much in evidence. Well down in the first half of the game, they staged a grand comeback in the second half to win the match by 4-1.

Their opponents this afternoon are league-leaders Recreation "A", and although I doubt very much if the Filipinos can pull off what would be the biggest upset win of the season, it is unlikely that they will be completely outclassed. They have been practising hard on the KBGC green and the fact that this will be Recreation "A's" first away game should greatly boost up the morale of the Filipino team.

In the remaining first division game, cellar-dwellers Indian Recreation Club "B" will be at home to Kowloon Bowling Green Club. Once again, the KBGC line-up shows a few positional changes, with Eric Liddell taking over as anticipated the skip's role in one of the fours and M. E. Purvis going to No. 3 for Peter Hughes. It seems to be a workable line-up, except that it is a pity that Purvis has to be taken off from his skip's position, as he has been bowling very consistently so far.

### Chances Remote

The Indians missed a good chance of getting the season's first win, losing to the Filipino Club, after taking a big first-half lead. Today, against the much stronger KBGC twelve, the chances of their scoring their first win of the season must be considered very remote, indeed, unless Sambo Ramjohn and his men come in with some spectacular high-scoring heads.

In the second division, the best match will be that between league-leading Hongkong Football Club and Kowloon Cricket Club at the Valley, with the home team enjoying not only green advantage but also that of having a slightly superior all-round team. A 4-1 or even a 5-0 win for the Football Club seems likely.

Hongkong Cricket Club, who started the season rather indifferently, have come back during the last two weeks with two brilliant victories, and earned for themselves a place among the top five teams in the division. They should be able to give another good account of themselves against the third-placed HKPSA, who have also shown improved form lately. This should be another good match with the odds slightly in favour of the HKPSA, who, however, are an unpredictable lot.

In the other two second division games, Filipino Club are expected to have the better of Craigengower at the Valley and IRC "A", after two successive failures should come back into the winning column this afternoon in their home match against USRC.

In the third division games, Kowloon Dock Club are likely to maintain their unbeaten record with a comfortable 4-1 win over CCC at the Valley.

Second-placed HEIC will be given a harder fight by Tarkoo at Police Club, before winning by 4-1 and Stanley Club, playing at home, should keep their third position in the table with a 4-1 score against KBGC.

## The Gasps Give A Warning As Russia's Christine Gets Going



## Miss Moscow Shows She's Learned A Lot

By HARRY CARPENTER

As in all things sporting, when the Russians set out to do something, they do it well. Four of them were playing lawn tennis well at Beckenham, limbering up for the Kent championships which started there last week.

Limbering up? The way 18-year-old Anna Dmitrieva of Moscow and Andrei Fotanin of Leningrad crack a ball round court, even in practice, deserves a strong phrase.

They came over last year. Their improvement is going to provoke astonished comment at Wimbledon, where they are entered for the singles.

Soviet tennis coach Simon Belitz-Gelman, of the Moscow Institute of Physical Culture, says: "Anna understood her mistakes last year. She has improved her physical education, has undergone athletics, aerobics, gymnastics, and weight-lifting."

### Always Cheeso

Miss Dmitrieva, daughter of a Moscow actress, is now a very solid Soviet citizen, with strapping legs and arms, although she is not much more than 5ft 4in.

Like her hefty young male companions, she takes cheeso

with every meal at the Beckenham guest-house where she is staying. Said the proprietor: "They also like butter, milk, and eggs."

Left-handed Anna punches her thug with the best of a Darenle Hard—a comparison easy to make since the big, bouncing American blonde was limbering up on an adjacent court when I saw them. The luck of the draw could bring them together at Wimbledon.

### Best Wishes

Had Anna Dmitrieva been entered for the Wimbledon victory Britain has awaited since 1937—four years before she was born.

This is her assault course where the motto is "Hard work produces the capacity for harder work." So, 30 jumps on and off that chair, raising a 40lb barbell above the neck, trunk bending with a 15lb barbell, six press-ups (17 in that part), high pull-ups with a 55lb barbell, and rolling around the broom handle 18 in of cord. Oh, yes, I forgot. The cord is tied to three house bricks and three 24lb weights.

He said: "We send her our best wishes and if it is possible for Anna and Christine to practise together one day soon we should like that very much."

### More Next Year

There are now 70,000 lawn tennis players in Russia. Note Belitz-Gelman's prophecy: "Last year we sent two to England. This year four. Next year it will be an even bigger delegation."

Maybe ex-Wimbledon champion Fred Perry's grip is not so wide of the mark either. He cracked: "There are 128 Wimbledon entries every year. In five years' time the Russians will be filling 128 of them."

## He's A Commuting Discus Thrower

By GEORGE RUTHERFORD

THE discus-throwing exploits of Mike Lindsay have won him many prizes, but none so rare as can compare with an air season ticket between London and Oklahoma.

That is what an offer to Lindsay from the British Athletics Board amounts to.

### U.S. Scholarship

Hard work, plus talent for field events, has made Lindsay one of Britain's hopes for the Olympic Games. But his appearances at British athletic meetings during the past 18 months have been few, for a very good reason. He is on a four-year scholarship at Oklahoma University. It's worth 800 dollars a year.

The Americans paid his fare out in 1952. A few months later the Scots gave him a return ticket so that he could compete for them in the Empire Games at Cardiff. Then back to his engineering and athletic studies went our husky hope.

### Statement

Now comes this statement from Mr Jack Crump in the Daily Telegraph:

"Lindsay, it is understood (the italics are mine), has been invited



by the British Board to spend his long vacation in England, and will be available for the five internationals later in the season."

Mr Crump should understand. He is secretary of the Board.

The facts are that Lindsay, justly pleased with his athletic improvement while studying with the musclemen of the mid-West, invited himself. He told my colleague Christopher Lucas, in America:

### A Good Fling

"I have been doing 17ft. 2in. with the discus and 58ft. 4 1/2 in. with the shot, so I told the Board I would be available if they could pay my way. They apparently held a meeting, then sent me a letter saying they would help me out."

There is nothing in the Board's action that contravenes the rules on expenses. But as a discus thrower Lindsay certainly is having a good fling.

## CHRISTINE'S GARDEN IS AS DANGEROUS AS BISLEY

By J. L. MANNING

If you go down Snakes Lane, Woodford Green, Essex, during the next few days don't, whatever else occurs to you, knock on the door of No. 10.

Not just after breakfast, anyway. Because inside is a girl in torment. The hall of No. 10 is a bit too busy for callers. Carpets are rolled back, an old chair ("please don't use the best ones") is propped between the kitchen and dining-room doors, a few house bricks, barbells, weights and a sawn-off broom handle are placed in strange order on the tiled floor and there's a stop watch by the telephone.

Christine Truman is preparing her 6ft and 154lb of bonny girlhood for a Wimbledon victory Britain has awaited since 1937—four years before she was born.

This is her assault course where the motto is "Hard work produces the capacity for harder work." So, 30 jumps on and off that chair, raising a 40lb barbell above the neck, trunk bending with a 15lb barbell, six press-ups (17 in that part), high pull-ups with a 55lb barbell, and rolling around the broom handle 18 in of cord. Oh, yes, I forgot. The cord is tied to three house bricks and three 24lb weights.

### Vital Statistics

All this THREE TIMES in eight minutes to beat the clock. Indeed, in seven minutes all last week instead of playing in a tournament at Beckenham with all the other nice girls who will be going on to Wimbledon wishing they had Christine's vital statistics.

These, by the way, are 79-30-50-10 1/2-57. They mean Christine's best grip is worth 79lb, her back muscles are good for 30lb (barrel sacks of coal), she can endure 50 trunk curls, do a vertical jump of 10 1/2 in, and finish up with the calm pulse rate of 57.

Strong? For a tennis player, yes. For an athlete, no. A girl lavalava thrower is good for a 150lb grip, does bags of coal, and twice as many trunk curls. But Christine is more powerful than ever before. It makes dressmaker Teddy Tilling think too: "Every time she puts patterns on the hearse I keep on altering."

But preparing Christine for Wimbledon is no truly-petted, fancy-dandy, what-colour-did-it-look-like-I-went operation. It's strictly an athletic job which Geoffrey Trueman, chief national coach of the Amateur Athletic Association, supervises at the request of Mrs Truman.

(and at my suggestion two years ago). And all part of a career which Mr and Mrs Truman have watched carefully, these sisters and twin brothers have followed loyally coaches and the LTA have shaped to her liking (except for one or two occasions). I must also mention that Stanger have furnished her with all that a tennis girl could want from four staterooms, of course, no one would think she liked Dunlop's better.

These, then, are the technical details. The build-up of a star. And Christine herself. A warm-hearted and sensible girl. No affectation, no tantrums, no sophistication, and no illusions. But, think heavens, a sense of humour. If you let her teenage talk (with a little look at Mum and Dad to see how she's doing) bubble up with nice little inconsequents.

### On The Range

Mr Truman is an accountant with his business plate on the front gate. Alas, his house has become essentially functional in the tennis sense. The back garden is an under-estimated grass court with a tennis net across it ("someone gave it to us after the blitz"). Christine stands at one end and smashes service after service, drive after drive at the back of the house which has chicken wire framed across the French and bedroom windows. The forehand bricks are a bit more chipped than those on the backhand side, though.

Mum and Little Nell (aged 13) do the holding, but I reckon the lawn behind No. 10 can be the most dangerous spot, outside the net.

Neighbours help, too. There's a side between the gardens of No. 8 and No. 10. Even Christine drives out of court now and again. So that little Nell makes the risk at No. 8 every even back home.

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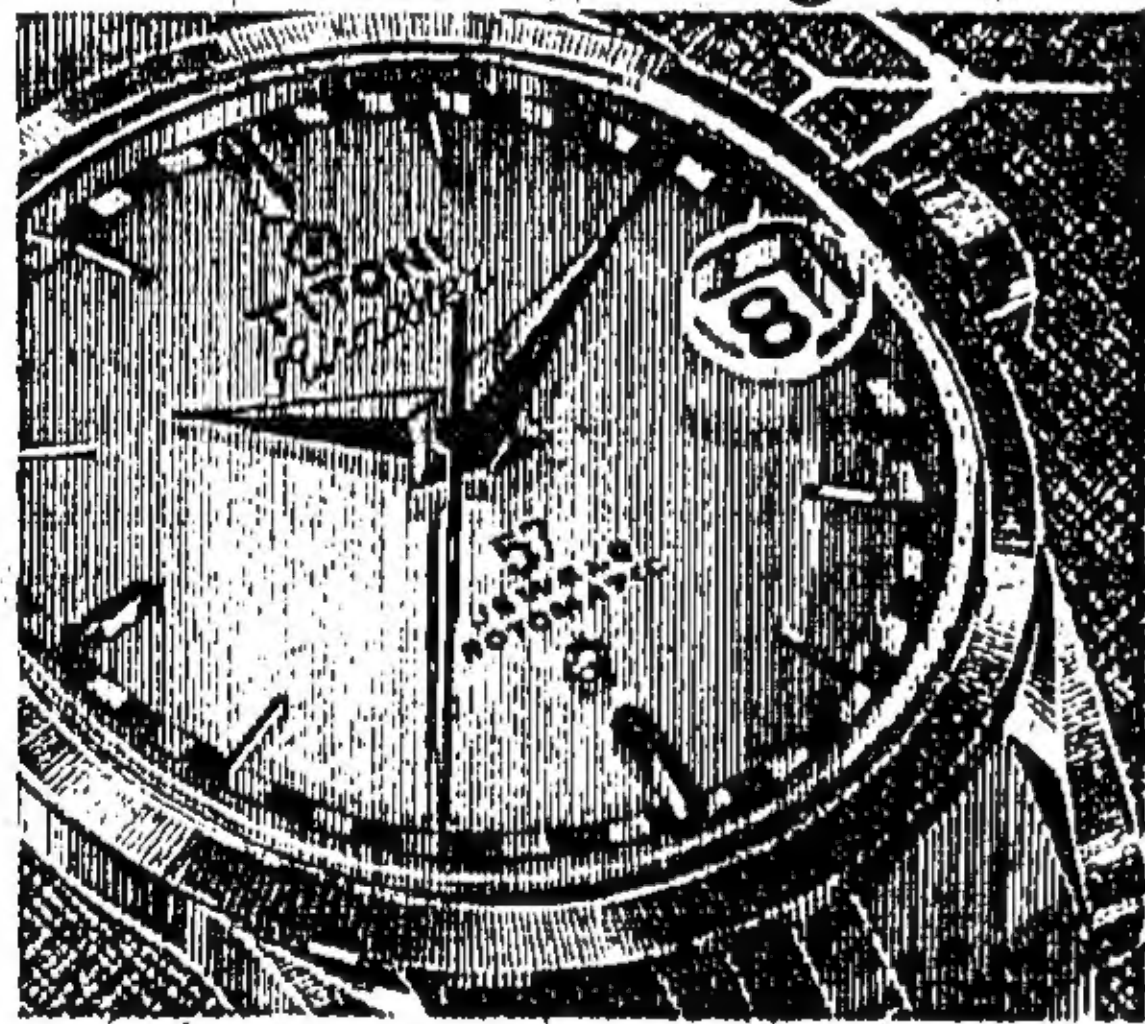
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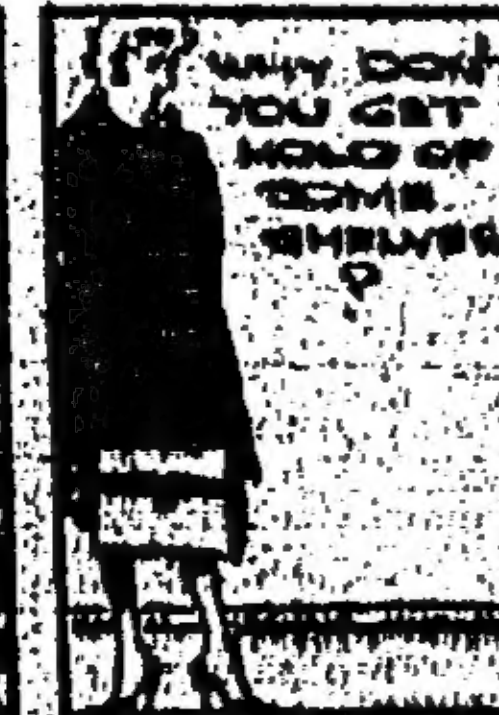


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# SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

*The Eyes Of The World  
Are Focussed On  
The Far East*

Chinese sport is in the news as never before. Recent happenings in the International Olympic Committee have forced the Far East into the limelight in circumstances which many would have wished otherwise.

Only a poor blind fool believes that in these days sport and politics can be completely divorced from each other. The era of Olympic idealism is past and gone for ever. Today we have to face up to the fact that the march of time works a powerful influence.

Modern man can hardly be expected to change his established conceptions of how something should be done when he sees his working class for his sports attire. Neither can he change his frame of mind and, whether he like it or not, and whether it is a change for good or bad, the idealism abroad today is very different from that envisaged and practised by the original stalwarts of the Olympic spirit.

In spite of the changing influences it is quite remarkable how the long succession of Olympic administrators have managed to maintain a real balance between idealism and materialism. It has often been a difficult task and in the modern world the International Olympic Committee has had to handle some delicate as well as some dramatic situations.

When any committee is confronted with problems of great magnitude they have to invoke a sense of diplomacy in their deliberations for you can be sure that whatever decision they make it will meet with bitter criticism from some quarter or other.

The important thing of course—and it seems to have been conveniently overlooked in some

of the present members of the International Olympic Committee, must have been particularly conscious of this factor when they sat down to examine what is loosely called "the problem of the two Chinas".

If they expected a stormy reception for their decision to exclude Nationalist China from further participation in the Olympic Games they certainly were not disappointed. Not unnaturally Taiwan drew back in its own defence and, as was to be expected, the United States of America also had plenty to say about this exclusion.

## Logical

The double-barrelled outcry, however, does not make the original decision a bad one. Neither does it hold a chance of embarrassing the Committee into making a reversal... but it does emphasise once again the ever-growing influence of international politics on world sporting affairs.

The important thing of course—and it seems to have been conveniently overlooked in some

By

**I. M. MACTAVISH**

places—is that the decision by the Olympic Committee was in logical and inevitable if the ruler of that august body were to be sustained and honoured.

To have allowed the old situation to continue would have undermined the whole structure of Olympic representation and control.

For example organisations in re-entrainment could set up a "British" Olympic Committee on the Isle of Man; an "Australian" body could do likewise in Tasmania; an "American" body could arise in Hawaii and so on.

These, however, are all extraneous points from the purely sporting point of view. The thinking sportsman, is probably more concerned about trying to interpret what the whole thing means to

these potential participants who might be able to represent either of the Chinese bodies in the Games.

It is this controversial point which is really behind much of the opposition to the Olympic decision to withdraw recognition of the Nationalist body in Taiwan... for once the name

cannot see the Olympic Committee retracting the decision either in fact or in part.

Finally let me say that I put the question regarding the justification of the withdrawal of Nationalist China's recognition to one of our leading sports administrators. He said "The decision just had to be made in order to correct an anomaly which was very obviously not in step with Olympic policy. It has been suggested that the decision to 'expel' Nationalist China was a political one... I believe that accusation would have been more valid had the Olympic Committee failed to take the measures it did. A continuance of the previous set-up could not have been justified by the Olympic regulations... so only political influence could have maintained it. The courage of the IOC—and its fearless yet far-reaching action—should really be applauded for once again it underlines Olympic integrity at the top."

## Twin Qualification

Olympic participation has always been based on a logical twin qualification of birth or family roots... within a definite geographical region. On this basis it has long been argued that within the terms of these qualifications no Hongkong-born sportsman is eligible to wear Taiwan colours unless he has shifted his permanent domicile to Formosa and had qualified by residence or on the strength of the fact that his parents were born and lived there. I know only too well that that is stating the case broadly but it is a valid and sound analysis of the situation.

The opposite side of the argument has of course been stated with equal strength and holds that Hongkong-born sportsmen are eligible only to represent Hongkong as a birthright... or the People's Republic because in every case that is where their family roots lie.

Perhaps now you can see the ramifications of a change of title by the Nationalist Chinese group as soon as they become Taiwan or Formosa for Olympic participation they lose all call on the Overseas Chinese—including those in Hongkong—for a Hongkong-born sportsman with family roots in China is no more eligible to represent Formosa than he is to represent Hungary, Germany, South Africa or the United States of America.

## Retraction Unlikely

Now it should be made clear at the same time that the Olympic Committee has stated categorically that it has no wish to exclude Taiwan from participation in the Olympics and that it will give quick and sympathetic consideration to any application from the sports administrators in Taipei provided it is made in a name which does not include the word 'China'.

We are close to the sidelines of the great controversy and, as it concerns the future of many of our best sportsmen, we shall naturally watch developments with great interest... but frankly I

## SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



London Express Service.

score the greatest Derby victory of all time. As it was, Shantung finished third and the sporting page of one of the great British dailies carried the headline "The unluckiest favourite you ever saw."

Many bitter things have been said about the 1959 Derby. Whilowashing might be attempted but it is rather sad that at this time when British sport can do with all the encouragement it can get, even the Derby, its administrators, and its participants are being dragged through the mud.

As you will have noticed from several articles appearing in the China Mail the British sportswriters have not yet finished with their "examination" of England's dismal failure in South America.

British football seems to be in real trouble these days. In Scotland's tour of Europe left winger Auld was ordered off in Denmark and star inside forward Law is reported to have been disciplined by his own officials for misconduct on the field. Setters, the West Bromwich Albion centre-half, has been sent home from Canada under a cloud... and now in a sporting magazine comes the saddest cut of all.

In a short report that in future every player selected to play for England will be insured for £25,000 (HK\$400,000) instead of the previous figure of £15,000.

That seems fair enough... except it appears under a heading which says "The Price of Ham Goes Up".

How, times change.

## The 'Melee'

The favourite this year was the French horse Shantung and in all the usual pre-race publicity it was given a great chance to take the Derby trophy out of Britain once again.

At the start of the race there was little to suggest the drama that was to follow but as the horses thundered up to 'The Hill' something happened. What that 'something' was has not been adequately explained. The outcome however was that Shantung was badly cut about the forelegs and dropped right back to last position in the field.

Other horses also suffered in the 'melee' as it has been described in the press, but Shantung and rider Fred Palmer still took the opportunity to show why they had been nominated to the position of favourite.

In one of the most thrilling runs ever seen at Epsom they flashed past 17 opponents falling only by a few yards to

## COLONY'S SOFTBALL GIRLS TRAINING HARD FOR COMING TAIWAN TOUR

By OLLY VAS

Eight weeks ago you read in this column the names of 17 lady softballers who received invitations from the Hongkong Softball Association to represent the Colony on a tour of Taiwan.

The latest information available is that SCAA's Yim Lai-sheung, one of our top pitchers and two of the University girls will, for various personal reasons, not be joining the team which if no complications arise is tentatively scheduled to leave Hongkong by sea some time during the third week of July.

So far the Hongkong team is down to play five matches. The Taiwanese sides to be matched against our girls are Tso Kong, Ching Shu, Universal, Gloe San and Wan Hwa Commercial School.

The first three named need no introduction to local softball fans as they have been seen in action at King's Park during their regular trips here. Nothing is known of the other two but if their playing standard is in line with that of the two named our representatives will be in for a rough time.

## May Be Dropped

It is by no means certain that 14 girls will don the Colony's colours as those who accepted the invitation to make the tour but subsequently showed scant interest in attending the rigorous training sessions may well find themselves dropped and replaced.

Three coaches Messrs Bill Silva, Douglas Murray and A. G. Ismail will be conferring shortly with the Taiwan Committee to make the final selection. Since the names of the players invited were first made public many practice sessions have been held. The training has consisted of the usual batting and fielding practices plus base-running with emphasis on physical fitness.

Earlier—the coaches were a trifle worried over the inability of Yim and Frances de Silva, two of the Colony's best pitchers at present, to make the team but Silva reports that Olive Yuen is coming along nicely in the pitch-

## Keen As Mustard

As for the rest of the team the three-week training periods have been well attended. The girls are keen as mustard and satisfactory progress is being made.

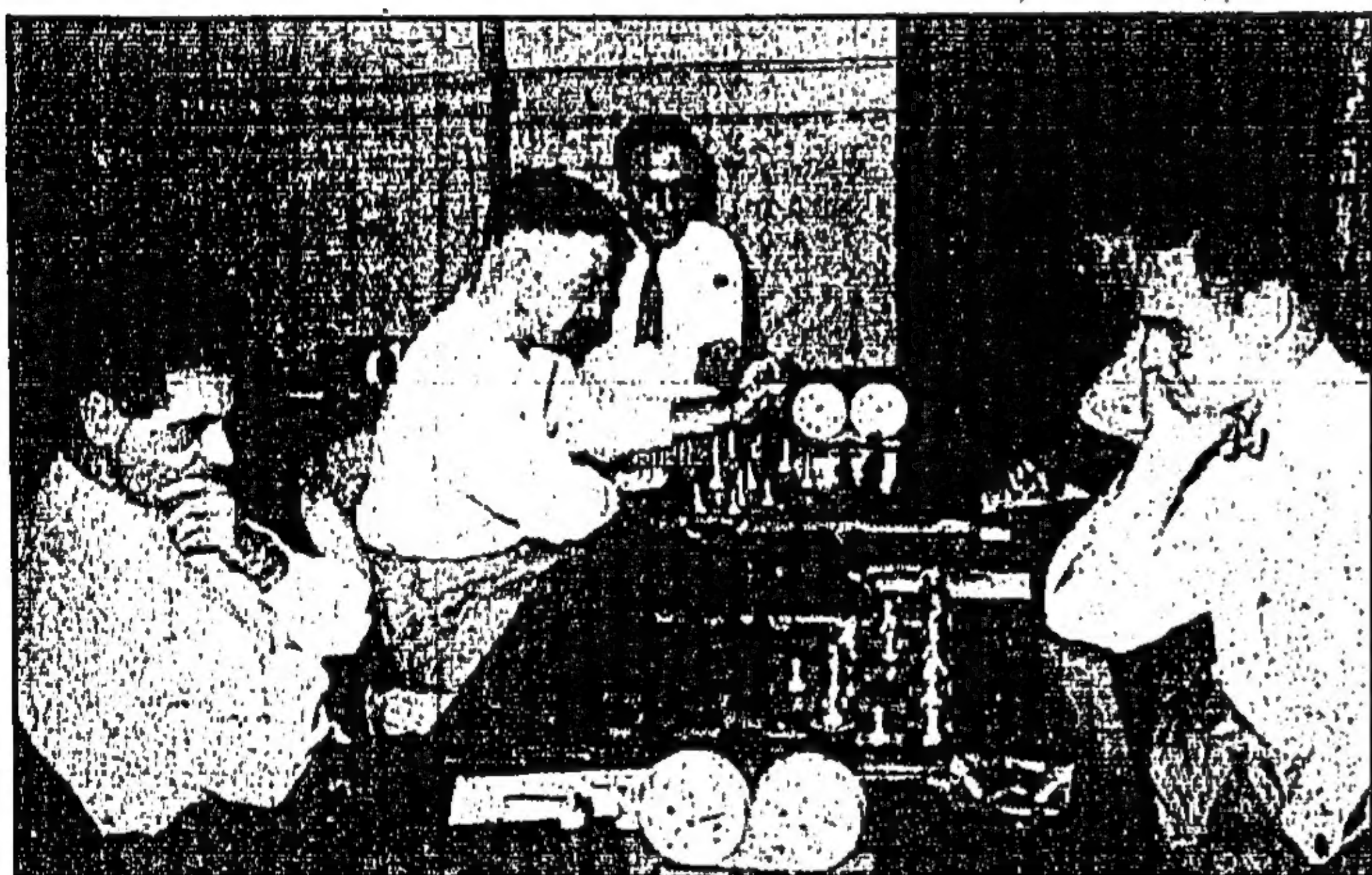
However, knowing perfectly well that the Taiwan teams cannot be taken lightly and time is running short, training is being intensified. The pitching from the opposition is known to be of a very high standard and the local coaches will be concentrating on power at the plate, that is, hitting.

Queried on the chances of the team, Silva, who should know if anybody does, was non-committal except to say that the Colony's representatives would acquit themselves well.

I have seen both the progress reports and the girls themselves in training and I am of the opinion that we might perhaps win one game out of the five. I do sincerely hope they prove me wrong.

However, winning or losing does not matter too much. The important thing is that we are finally going to reciprocate the numerous Taiwan visits. The fortunes (or misfortunes) of Hongkong's team debut in Taiwan will therefore be followed with more than passing interest by the local softball public.

## COLONY CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP



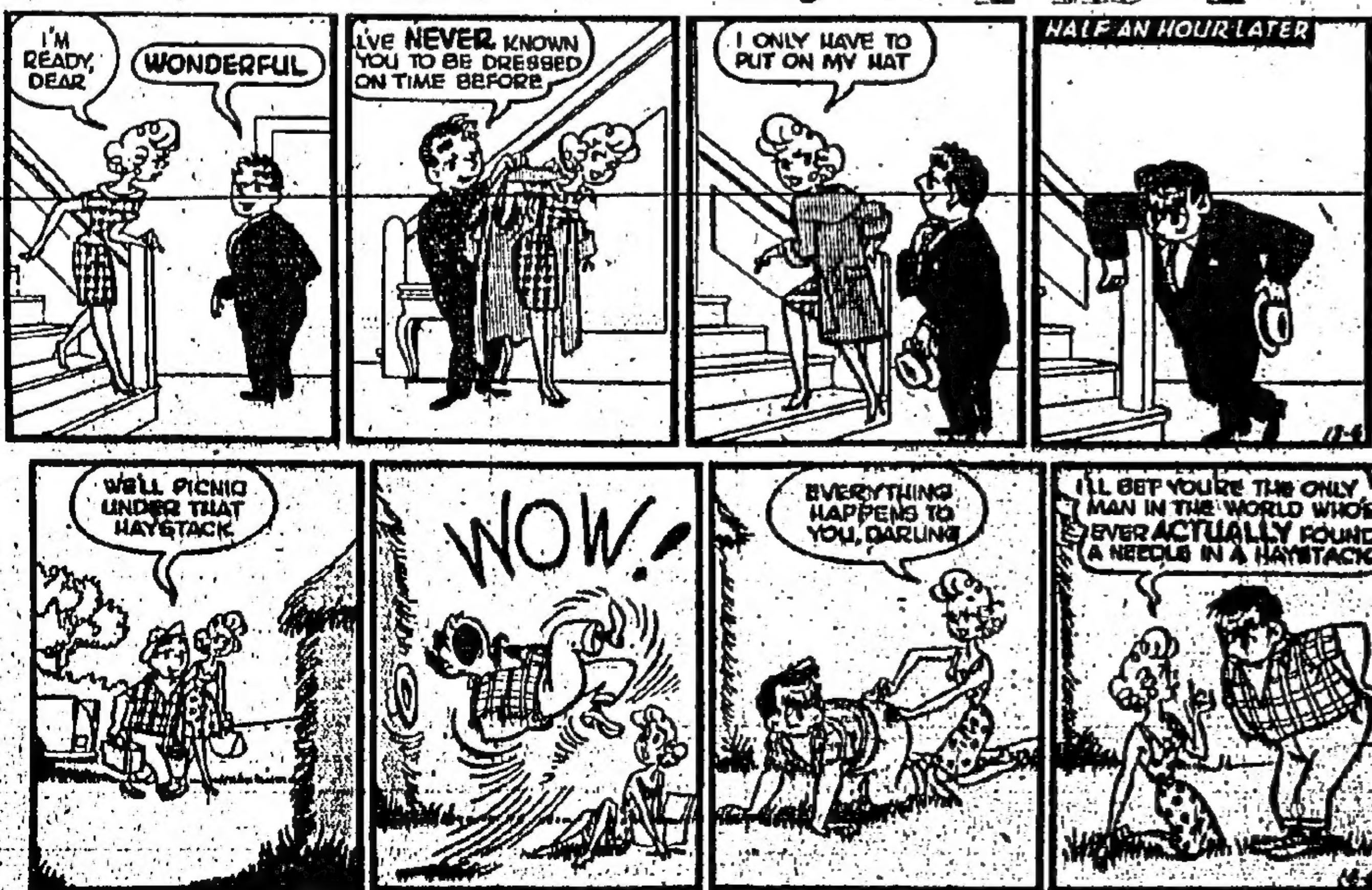
The last and deciding round of matches in The Colony Open Chess Championship were held at the Peninsula Hotel last Thursday.

Photo shows four of the participants in action. In the left foreground is the eventual champion E. Krouk, who beat opponent Tipping, to complete his unbeaten record of 11 wins and two draws in the tournament.

On the next board, runner-up Ko Chi (right) is seen in play against Rees whom he defeated for his 11th point in the championship.—Photo by courtesy of the Hongkong Chess Club.

## THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



## Cooking Problems Solved



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# CHINA MAIL

Page 18 SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1959.

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## Indians Routed By Minor Counties

London, June 12.  
Philip Sharpe, a 22-year-old Yorkshire batsman, plundered 202 runs from the Indians at Stoke-on-Trent today.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

#### The Jockey Club

Sir, Now that the racing season is over, the public of Hongkong owes a vote of thanks for all those who so quickly and so efficiently purveyed our regular entertainment without profit to themselves. Apart from the fun we have had, the Government coffers is enriched and many charitable institutions were so thoughtfully provided for by the Jockey Club.

At the Lusitano Box when the club's cup was presented, I have had the opportunity of speaking with some of the stewards, and I said I would enjoy to witness a Veterans Race.

Surely, our veteran member might also consider a Tent-Pegging Race. He was that famous figure in those early days a champion of champions at Tent Pegging and Zig-zagging Poles.

The Young Ladies of Hongkong would care for a Ladies Race, and we might also have a Professional Trainers Race, and a Mufco's Race, and why not also a Novice Race.

We may call this a monthly Gymkhana and quite a lot of fun will be had there.

JOJO GUTZ.

### REDIFFUSION

11.20 a.m. The Big Bull.  
12 Noon. Time Time.  
1.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
2.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
3.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
4.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
5.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
6.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
7.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
8.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
9.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
10.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
11.30 p.m. The Big Bull.

### TELEVISION

2 p.m. Highway Patrol.  
2.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
3.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
4.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
5.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
6.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
7.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
8.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
9.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
10.30 p.m. The Big Bull.  
11.30 p.m. The Big Bull.

Thanks to Sharpe, the Minor Counties brought off one of the greatest achievements in their history — a six wickets win over the touring team after being asked to score 334 in four hours and fifty minutes.

Rain cut 20 minutes from the time available but they still had 35 minutes to spare at the end.

There was an extraordinary finish to a remarkable day's play which produced 428 runs in five hours for the loss of six wickets.

Sharpe, who batted three and a half hours, was caught behind the bowler with six runs needed.

This made the losing margin a little less depressing from the India point of view, but they have nothing to be proud of.

Sharpe and his opening partner, David Cole, put the minor counties ahead of the clock.

At 27 minutes, then Cole nicked a low catch to second slip.

Sharpe's last success

until the dramatic closing over. The milestones followed in rapid succession. Sharpe's 50 in 47 minutes, his century in 108 minutes, 150 in one hundred and sixty minutes, 200 in three and a half hours. But it was by no means an unblemished performance.

He gave chances galore and a better fielding side than the Indians could have shifted him for less than 50.

Four times in two overs from Kripal Singh he flicked the ball into the leg trap and escaped.

In the forties, and again with his score 140, he sided chances to long leg and Desai missed both.

Kripal Singh was again the unlucky bowler.

Towards the end Sharpe edged three or four outs over the slips and his two hundredth run was a chance to extra cover.

Valuable

Bailey, a regular choice for Lancashire and the Minor Counties since the war, played a correct and valuable innings, leaving the spectacular hitting to his partner.

Sharpe hit three sixes, one five and twenty nine fours. Bailey hit two sixes and nine fours.

Pankaj Roy, captaining the Indians in the continued absence of Datta Chakravarti, decided to give the batsmen a chance to hit in the hope that they would get themselves out.

This optimistic policy enabled the Minor Counties to maintain a fast pace throughout. The Indians themselves set the pattern for the day's events by scoring 94 in an hour before declaring. Kripal Singh hit 60 not out in free driving style.

The minor counties have beaten a touring team only once before, defeating West Indians at Exeter by 45 runs in 1928.

Minor counties won by six wickets.

## GOVERNOR SAYS HE WAS KIDNAPPED

Galveston, Texas, June 12.  
Gov. Earl Long of Louisiana charged today in a formal court petition that he was drugged in Louisiana and brought to a Galveston mental hospital tied hand and foot. He asked a district court to order him released.

Long applied for a writ of habeas corpus and personally signed the petition. "Earl Long, Governor in exile by force in kidnapping."

District Judge L. D. Goodard, in whose court he filed the petition, set a hearing for Monday.

Long, 63, was brought to Galveston in a military plane on May 30. He has been in the psychiatric ward of John Sealy Hospital since.

THE PETITION

The petition charged Long was:

"...administered a powerful sedative against his will, that his feet, ankles and arms were tied to a stretcher and that while in this comatose condition was forcibly removed from the Governor's mansion in Baton Rouge and flown to the city of Galveston;

"That upon his arrival at Galveston he was forcibly removed therefrom by two guards and brought against his will to John Sealy Hospital and since that time he has been there restrained and confined under an order issued by the Galveston Probate Court."

UPL

Answer to 'Did It Really Happen?' is—NO

## ADMISSION IN RAPE TRIAL TO GO TO JURY

Tallahassee, June 12.  
The prosecution in the trial of four white men accused of having raped a 19-year-old Negro girl, today won a point when Judge W. May Walker consented to submit the confession of the youngest of the accused to the jury.

The defence had claimed that Ollie Stoutamire, 10, had confessed only under threat of the electric chair.

"He has the intelligence of a nine-year-old," his lawyer said. Sheriff W. W. Slappy (for the prosecution) declared that Stoutamire had admitted having raped the young girl along with his three companions.

The victim was called to the witness chair yesterday. She declared that the four men had attacked her under threat of a knife and revolver.

The defence tried to make her say that she had consented, but a policeman who found her shortly after the attack witnessed that she was at that time incoherent and upset. —APF

## Britain Loses Davis Cup Doubles

Eastbourne, June 12.  
Chile reduced Britain's lead to 2-1 in the Davis Cup European Zone quarter-final tie here today by winning the doubles.

The Chilean pair, Luis Ayala and Ernesto Aguirre, beat Britain's Bobby Wilson and Michael Davies, 6-8, 3-6, 6-4, 10-12, 6-3.

Britain won the opening singles matches yesterday. The remaining singles matches will be played tomorrow.

Winners of the tie will meet Brazil or Spain in the semi-finals. —Reuter.

## KURT NIELSEN REACHES KENT TENNIS FINAL

Beckenham, June 12.  
Kurt Nielsen of Denmark entered the final of the men's singles of the Kent Lawn Tennis Championships today by beating New Zealand's Davis Cup player, Lew Gerrard, 6-2, 7-5.

The burly Dane, twice runner-up at Wimbledon, was well on the way to victory when his concentration was broken by his two-year-old son, Peter.

Half way through the match Nielsen heard a child crying loudly and saw that it was his son who had been trapped behind some tarpaulin while crawling under the stands.

After a few minutes delay Mrs Nielsen freed the child and the match resumed.

Earlier, there had been another delay while line judges were called. After a few despatch calls Nielsen had asked the umpire for an extra line man at the base line.

After winning the first set easily Nielsen trailed 1-4 in the second set. He fought back and levelled at 4-4, and breaking service again in the 11th game served out for the match.

Olmedo

Alex Olmedo, U.S. Davis Cup star from Peru, qualified as Nielsen's opponent in the final when he beat Torben Ulrich of Denmark, 6-4, 6-4.

Olmedo, playing better tennis than he had shown in early rounds, scored a service break in the 10th game of each set.

Sally Moore of the U.S. beat her countrywoman, Jeanne Arth, in one semi-final, 6-3, 6-0.

The surprise of the day came in the semi-final of the men's doubles when Alex Olmedo and fellow Davis Cup player, Barry Mackay, were beaten 6-1, 3-6, 9-7, by the Australians Bob Mark and Rod Laver.

The other semi-final was won by the New Zealand pair, Lew Gerrard and Mark Otway, who beat the Danish team of Kurt Nielsen and Torben Ulrich, 6-4, 6-1.

The women's doubles final will be an Anglo-American affair. In the first semi-final Miss Darlene Hard and Miss Jean Arth (U.S.) beat Miss Sally Moore and Miss Gwyn Thomas (U.S.), 6-1, 6-2.

The second semi-final was won by Miss Pat Ward (Britain) and Miss Janet Hopps (U.S.), who beat the Australian team of Miss Norma Marsh and Miss D. Thomas, 6-3, 6-2. —UPL

## WORKERS TO GET CHEQUES

London, June 12.  
The British Government is to change the law under which it is a criminal offence in Britain for an employer to pay a manual worker's wages by cheque.

The present law was made over 100 years ago to ensure that wage earners, mostly manual workers, got paid in cash and not in kind or by any other means. It put an end to the abuses by unscrupulous employers.

The Solicitor-General, Sir Harry Hyatt-Foster, told the House of Commons the government would make it legally possible for payment to be made by cheque if a worker consents. There would be no compulsion.

The aim is to cut business costs and reduce opportunities for wage grabs by bandits who raid vans taking money from banks to company offices. —China Mail Special.

## Hongkong Films Withdrawn?

Singapore, June 12.  
There was an unofficial report that the Government had ordered about 30 films to be withdrawn from circulation and re-submitted to the censor.

The report said the films came from Japan, Hongkong and the United States of America. The reports said they had been withdrawn because of "excessive brutality and a low moral tone."

Mrs Cynthia Koek, Government film censor, declined to comment on the reports. —Reuter.

## Enormous Diamond Is Worth £300,000

Amsterdam, June 12.  
Mystery tonight surrounded the origin of a 314 carat diamond which has been shown on Dutch television and is said to be worth about \$300,000.

The diamond, which is the second biggest rough diamond ever brought to Amsterdam and would be the biggest ever cut since the Cullinan diamond used in the British Crown

Jewels, is in the possession of the diamond cutters and sellers firm of Robert Streep.

Mr Streep, the 33-year-old head of the firm, called a Press conference to show the

diamond to a group of journalists from leading Dutch newspapers.

The newspapers later quoted Dr Streep as saying that the diamond came from South Africa, but Mr Streep denied this today. He declined to reveal where it did come from. —Reuter.

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8.30 a.m. Holy Communion.  
7.30 p.m. Evening Service.  
(Other services arranged at any time by request.)



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